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Exhibition of Giorgione and His School (June 11-October 23)

XIVth International Festival of Theatre (July 15-August 2)

International Festival of Song (July 24-30)

XVIth International Exhibition of Cinematographic Art
(August 25-September 10)

From August 18: International Exhibition of the Documentary Film, of the
Short Film and Film for Youngsters

XVIIIth International Festival of Contemporary Music (Sept. 11-25)

IInd International Literary Prize "Venice" (October 2)

Artistical and Cultural Events at the "Giorgio Cini" Foundation
(May-September), at Palazzo Grassi (July-October), and at the
Conservatory "B. Marcello" (August-September)

Traditional Feasts

The Feast of Lights at the Lido—June 25

The Feast of the Redeemer—July 16

Nocturnal Fresco on Canal Grande—August 20

Historical Regate—September 4

Nocturnal Concerts in the Court of Palazzo Ducale and on the floating
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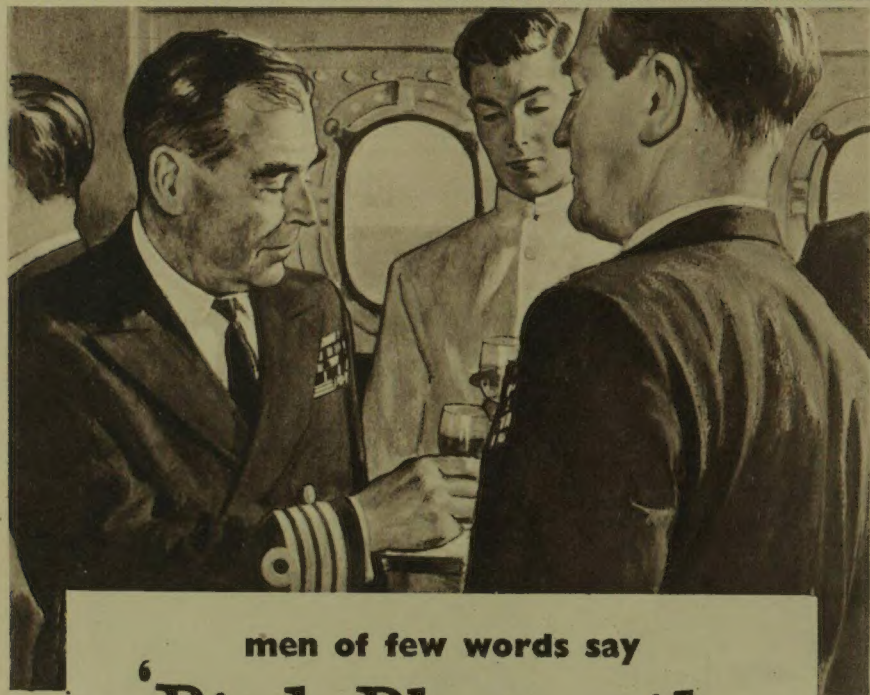
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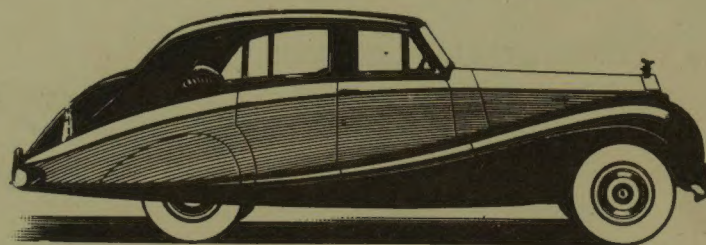
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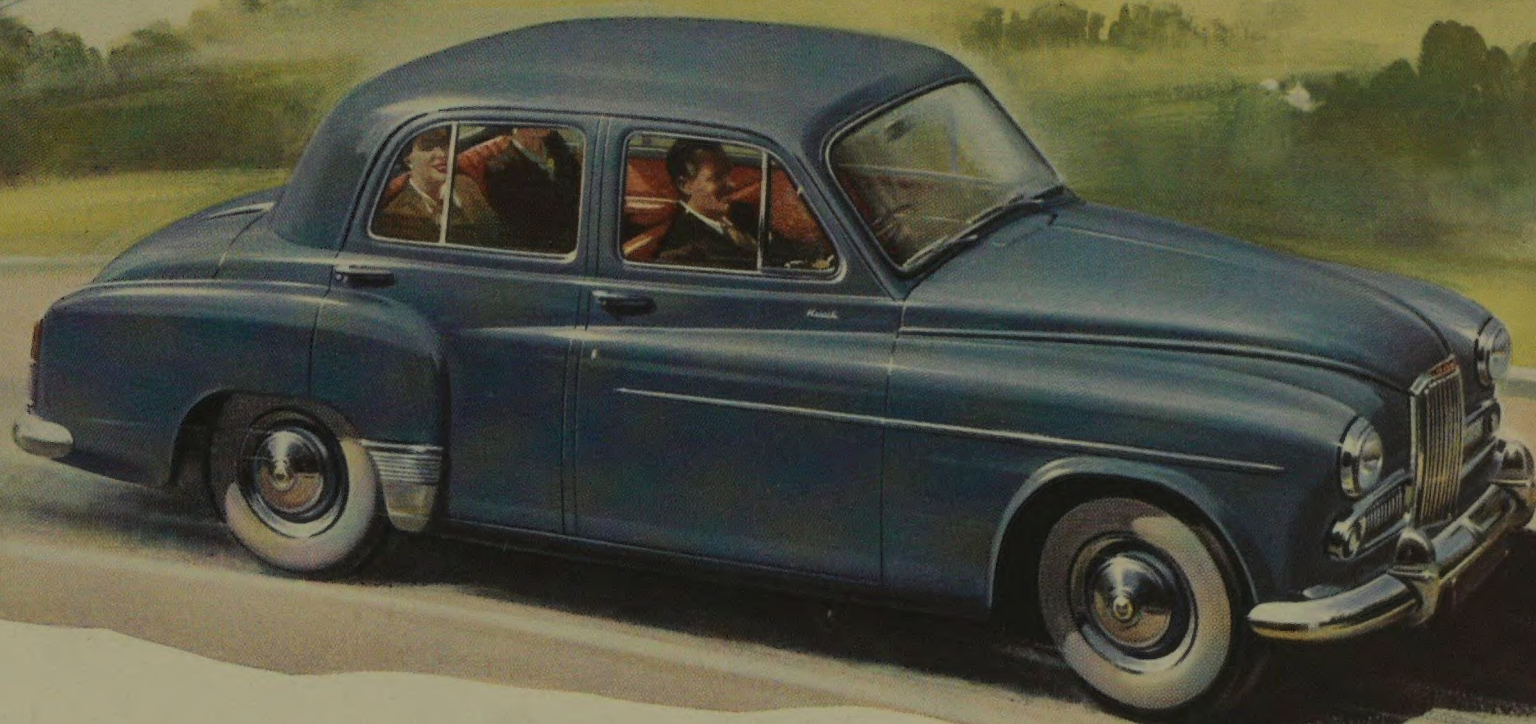
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Shell Nature Studies

EDITED BY
JAMES FISHER

NO
6

JUNE days and nights



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder

THROUGH THE LONG JUNE DAY and the short June night, busy life stirs in the park. Somewhere in southern England, in sight of the windows of the great house, jackdaws (1) feed big young, and a tiercel (male) hobby (2) — a fast-flying, rare, summer-visiting bird of prey — bears a tree-pipit home to its falcon (female), brooding new-hatched eyasses (young). Spotted fallow deer (3) graze peacefully. Many butterflies shine in the sun, among them the common blue (4), and the last of the spring flight of orange-tip (5), painted lady (6)—an immigrant, this—and large white (7). Moorhens (8) attend their active, strangely-patterned brood. The duck mallard (9) and her new ducklings dabble in the dusk. Glow-worms (10) glint in the grass with a green-white light. Three-month-old badger cubs (11) emerge at about 9.30 p.m. (Summer Time), and play with a parent at the entrance of their sett. With a shivering style of flight, Daubenton's bat (12)—the water-bat—circles to pick insects from the lake's still surface; and the little, slow, whiskered bat (13) hunts the waterside under the trees. The noctule (14), largest of our bats, stoops swiftly to snatch a cockchafer, the big June beetle of the woods. This chafer crop attracts a hungry cock nightjar (15), just relieved by his hen after his dusk session on their two eggs. The first-year swifts (16) do not breed, but at dusk circle up to a height of some thousands of feet, and may roost on the wing.

Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix Press Ltd. at 6/6.



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The key to the Countryside

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1955.



THE ROYAL JORDAN VISITORS TO THIS COUNTRY: T.M. KING HUSSEIN AND QUEEN DINA, WHO WERE DUE TO ARRIVE ON JUNE 16 AND TO REMAIN IN BRITAIN UNTIL JUNE 23.

King Hussein and Queen Dina of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, who were married in Amman on April 19, were due to arrive by air on Thursday, June 16, for an official visit to Great Britain. They ended the Madrid part of their honeymoon in Spain on June 11 and flew in their *Viking* aircraft (piloted by King Hussein) to Seville, to spend three days in Andalusia and to visit Barcelona for the International Fair before flying to London. Their programme in this country included a reception at Lancaster House on June 16 and a visit to the Royal Tournament on June 17, while to-day, June 18, they are due to arrive at Windsor to spend the night as guests of the Queen. On June 20 King Hussein is to leave by helicopter

from the South Bank to visit H.M.S. *Centaur* at sea and inspect the Folland Aircraft Company works at Hamble; while Queen Dina is to go to Wimbledon. In the evening the Royal visitors plan to see a programme of ballet at Covent Garden. A visit to Biggin Hill by King Hussein, and an inspection of Westminster Hospital by Queen Dina are scheduled for the following day, and on June 22 his Majesty hopes to visit Sandhurst, where he was once a cadet; and her Majesty intends to return to her old college, Girton, at Cambridge. A reception by the Jordan Ambassador at Claridge's and dinner at the Jordan Embassy are the final items in the programme.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I HOPE that by the time these lines appear the railway strike will be a thing of the past and that British common sense and moderation will have triumphed over an anger and bitterness which may be explicable enough in those who feel it, but which is manifestly suicidal both for those who, at the time of writing, are giving way to it, and for the nation, which employs them and is served by them. And I hope that what I write about the strike at the end of its first week will seem a mere historical exercise when it is published in this journal which, in its 113 years of existence, has seen so many industrial crises come and go. For justice compels me to say that, like many other people, I feel a certain sympathy for the strikers and for the cause for which they are striking, though, like everyone else, I deplore the strike itself and the long-continuing and deep-seated injury which its continuance must do the country. The bureaucrats on both sides—both in the striking union, the non-striking union, and in the National Board which organises the State Railways, and which is itself partly staffed and directed by ex-Trade Union officials—should, as it seems to me at the time of writing, swallow their stiff, bureaucratic pride (the hardest of all things for a bureaucrat to do) and get back to the conference table, even if it means starting to negotiate while the strike is still on, and continuing to negotiate while the strike is called off pending a successful conclusion to negotiations. Yet even if such a compromise can serve to satisfy bureaucratic pride and devotion to procedure, the fact remains that in this dispute a major principle is involved that is something more than either inter-union rivalry or the prevailing popular fallacy that, by striking against the State, the employees of the State can blackmail the State into raising their wages without setting in motion a spiral of rising prices that renders such an increase of wages utterly worthless.

For what is the major underlying factor behind the strike? It is that the men of the A.S.L.E.F. feel that the onerous and responsible work which so many of them are called upon to do, and which they are proud to do, is being rewarded little better than that of men who work for shorter and easier hours, possess only a fraction of their skill and bear only a fraction of their responsibility. Possibly I am wrong in this, but, so far as I am able to understand the facts of the dispute, this is the real core of the locomotive men's grievance. And it is one which, if I were an engine-driver, enduring what engine-drivers have in the nature of things to endure, and working the long hours that many of them have to work, I should feel exactly this way myself, and very strongly. All my working life I have worked long hours—ten, twelve, fourteen, sometimes even sixteen or eighteen hours a day, and often, for long periods of time, a seven-day week. Though much of it, as with all work, is drudgery, and though I should welcome an occasional holiday, I love my work, and it is my life. And because mine is one of the few forms of production which the public is still free to buy as it chooses and to pay what it likes for, I am most generously rewarded, perhaps unfairly so in relation to those of the same profession for whose work there is a smaller public demand. True, the State takes the greater part of what I earn away from me, but, even so, I am allowed to earn an income commensurate with the hours I work and the trouble I take. But if I were not, much as I love my work, I should feel very bitter at the spectacle of those who worked far shorter hours and took infinitely less trouble enjoying rewards as great, or almost as great, as mine. I should feel that justice—a conception very dear to Englishmen—was being outraged. And deplore the strike as I do, I cannot help feeling that in many cases to-day, and not only on the railways, justice is being outraged. The attempt to make everyone comfortable regardless of whether or not they have mastered special skills or work hard, is resulting in there being a dangerously small margin for rewarding those whose special skill and effort are indispensable to the nation's well-being. To make the pace of the slowest and laziest sacrosanct is to penalise skill, speed and industry. Any nation that does so is ultimately for the scrap-heap. It is just as well in our comfortable Welfare State to bear this in mind.

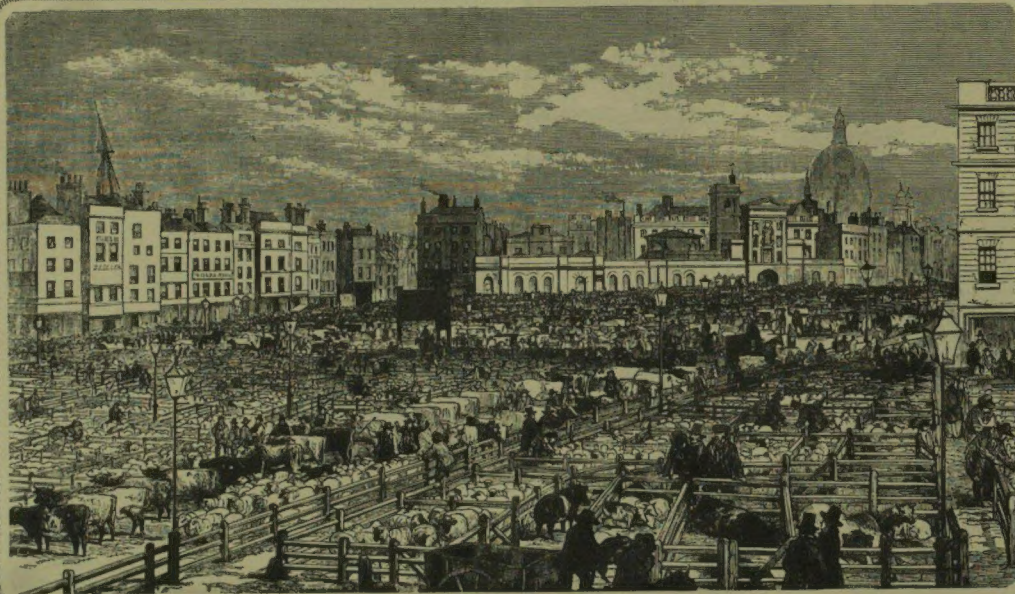
I am not one who wants to return to the economic law of the jungle. But I do believe that any system of society that disregards human nature

will fail; and I believe, intensely, in freedom. Hard work and the patience and application to master special skills do not come easily to man; and, if society wants to avoid the rule of the knout and the slave-gang, it must offer men incentives. That is why the American system, which is based on high incentives and freedom, is so much more productive than ours, and why the Victorians, with all their failings, achieved so much. Under that older Anglo-Saxon conception of economic freedom the under-dog and the ne'er-do-well might suffer unjustly and cruelly—and often most tragically did—but the wealth of the nation as a whole, of the great majority as well as the exceptional man, went steadily up. Hard work and skill paid, and hard work and skill were the fashion. And when hard work and skill are the fashion in a State, wealth follows as surely as harvest follows seed-time.

A few days after the strike began an interview with a striking engine-driver was reported in a London daily newspaper. He was a man of fifty-three who had been on the railways since 1919; the driver of a passenger-train. Asked why he was on strike, he replied: "We have been let down by the Transport Commission, that's why. They haven't given us a fair deal for the responsible job we do. I don't like this strike, I can tell you. But we are out only as a very last resort after years of frustration over our pay standards."* "I worked twenty-one years on the shovel," he went on, "before I got a chance to become a driver. Then it took me six years to reach top-rate. . . . It's not the amount, it's the principle of getting extra for doing a harder job. The difference between our pay and lesser skilled jobs doesn't make it worth while our spending all those years to reach top-grade." Asked how his conditions of labour differed from that of other grades, he answered: "Our conditions are terrible—a constant atmosphere of smoke and soot. Our engines run very roughly; my ribs are always getting bruised. Then there are foggy nights—you've got to have your eyes strained every minute. . . . Since I started on the railways since 1919 I've worked every other Sunday except holidays. I'm often up at 3.30 a.m.—and often come home at midnight." The man who spoke in this way—and from the way he answered the reporter's questions and the photograph that accompanied the text, one could see that he was no professional grumbler—was earning £9 15s. basic rate, with overtime and Sunday pay sometimes bringing him as much as £11 a week. His average pay was £10 5s. a week after stoppages.

Let us face up to it, there are skilled men who work as hard and who have almost as heavy responsibilities who are worse paid. Farm-workers, for instance, whose basic wage, though it has quadrupled in the last thirty years, is only £6 7s. a week, and whose reward is limited by the fact that a nation that lived for nearly a century on the slogan of cheap foreign food is still stubbornly determined to pay relatively less for its food, the most essential of all commodities, than for any other article. This means a low and grudging reward for the man who gets up to milk at five in the morning and, if he lives and works on a small farm, is responsible at any hour of the day or night for the lives of sentient creatures—a responsibility which, to their credit, few agricultural workers shirk. Yet, though this is true, there are hundreds of thousands, even millions, of workers of half this highly-skilled and indispensable old engine-driver's age and a tithe of his experience who, as a result of our social policy of "equal shares for all," earn almost as good or better wages for doing a far easier job, and for doing it in many cases, I am afraid, sulkily and badly. The old cash-nexus under which a man sold his services to his fellow-men for what the latter were prepared to pay him in the open market was often unjust, but on the whole it was a great deal more just and an infinite deal more efficient than our present system. A skilled, industrious and sought-after man did not have to join in strike against the whole nation, including himself, to get what he was worth. He got it automatically, because it was worth his fellow-beings' while to pay for it.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JUNE 16, 1855.



"THE CLOSE OF OLD SMITHFIELD."

"On Monday, the 11th of June, the last market (a more than usually crowded one) was held on this memorable site, which for many centuries has been so well known as the scene of historical events, and a place of bustling commerce. . . . Wishing to see the last of this ancient institution, we progressed at mid-day to the spot, and found the place occupied by hundreds of sheep and oxen. . . . The immense area was bustling with life. . . . The old women who sell substantial leather and other purses—the venders of periwinkles, whelks, and such like dainties—who have, from times immemorial, pitched in old Smithfield, wondered if they would be allowed in the new one. The shopkeepers, with somewhat solemn faces, popped out in front, and conversed gloomily together—a great deal of handshaking went on between them and well-known customers. As the market began to clear, very small boys—and some of larger growth, of the Whitechapel cut—began to disport themselves in the empty pens; Sergeant A., from a well-chosen position, kept a watchful eye over the ground—notwithstanding, a great deal of pitch-and-toss was going on." The new central meat market on the same site was completed in 1868.

* "News Chronicle," June 4, 1955.



WITH OIL STILL BURNING ON THE WATER AND FLAMES AND DENSE SMOKE STILL POURING FROM HER HOLD: THE SWEDISH OIL TANKER *JOHANNISHUS*, WHICH BURST INTO FLAMES AFTER A COLLISION SOME 20 MILES OFF MARGATE. EIGHTEEN OF HER CREW WERE MISSING AND BELIEVED DEAD.

In the early hours of June 9, about 20 miles off Margate, the Swedish oil tanker *Johannishus* (10,788 tons), collided with the Panamanian freighter *Buccaneer* (7256 tons). The oil tanker immediately burst violently into flames. Two lifeboats were burnt and a third lost during lowering. The crew and the first engineer's wife, who was making her first sea voyage, as a holiday, leapt into the sea.

Blazing oil, however, was spreading over the waves and many of the survivors were badly burnt as they swam away. A number of ships hurried to the scene, British, German and Dutch, and the Ramsgate lifeboat searched for twelve hours. Of the complement of forty-two, it was believed that eighteen, including the master, were missing, but some survivors may have been taken to foreign ports.



(ABOVE) THE MOMENT OF DISASTER AT LE MANS CAUGHT IN THE CAMERA'S FLASH: LEVEGH'S MERCEDES-BENZ, ALREADY BLAZING, FLYING FROM THE TRACK INTO THE PACKED ENCLOSURE, IN WHICH MORE THAN EIGHTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED. (LEFT, CENTRE) THE AUSTIN-HEALEY WITH WHICH THE MERCEDES-BENZ HAD COLLIDED.



A LITTLE after the second hour of the Le Mans twenty-four-hour sports-car race on June 11 and in the section of the road which is lined on one side by the pits and on the other by grandstands, a Mercedes-Benz, driven by the Frenchman Pierre Levegh and travelling at about 150 miles an hour, collided with the tail of an Austin-Healey driven by Mr. Lance Macklin. The German car turned over and flew through the air in a series of rapid convulsions, leaping over the fence and rail bank into the crowded enclosure, bounced back on the top of the bank, and burst into flames, hurling the engine and other parts back into the enclosure, sowing death and injury wherever it went. Rescue services and doctors were immediately on the scene of carnage, but despite their best endeavours, 82 people were killed and 72 others severely injured. Levegh was killed

(LEFT) TERRIFIED SPECTATORS RUSHING AWAY FROM THE BLAZING REMAINS OF THE MERCEDES, WHICH HAD SOMERSAULTED INTO THE CROWDED ENCLOSURE.



immediately, but Macklin was only slightly injured. The race was continued, although the remaining Mercedes cars were withdrawn. The first three cars were all British: (1) Jaguar (M. Hawthorn and L. Bueb), 106.37 m.p.h.; (2) Aston Martin (P. Collins and P. Frere); (3) Jaguar (J. Clae and J. S. Waters). On June 13 the Procureur Général of Angers began his enquiry into the causes of the accident; and on the night of the same day the French Cabinet suspended all road events in France, pending the introduction of new regulations. It was reported that invitations would be sent to Britain and other countries to attend an international conference to draw up new regulations governing motor-car racing. On June 14 funeral services for the 82 victims of the disaster were held at Le Mans Cathedral. Some of those in hospital were so severely injured that it was feared that the eventual death-roll might be even higher. The decision to continue the actual race has been much criticised; but it has also been defended on the analogy of the Farnborough air crash of September 1952, when 30 spectators were killed by the crash of the de Havilland 110; and also on the grounds that a sudden decision might have led to rumours and panic among the very large crowds of spectators.

(RIGHT) A FEW MINUTES LATER, RESCUE SERVICES AT WORK REMOVING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED FROM THE ENCLOSURE, AFTER THE WORST DISASTER IN MOTOR RACING.



THE MOMENT OF DISASTER AT LE MANS: VIVID PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WORST CATASTROPHE IN MOTOR

CAR RACING, IN WHICH OVER EIGHTY SPECTATORS WERE KILLED IN THE CROWDED ENCLOSURE.

NEW YORK'S MAYOR IN LONDON, A FAMOUS CITY CHURCH RESTORED, AND OTHER ITEMS IN THE NEWS.



STROLLING IN THE SUN BEFORE ACT I. OF "THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO": OPERA-LOVERS IN THE GROUNDS OF GLYNDEBOURNE ON JUNE 8.
Glyndebourne's twenty-first season of opera opened on June 8 with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," the work with which the first season opened in 1934. The producer was Dr. Carl Ebert and the conductor, Mr. Vittorio Gui. Owing to the rail strike, many opera-lovers had travelled to Glyndebourne, in Sussex, by coach.



OPENED TO ROAD TRAFFIC DURING THE RAIL STRIKE: THE ROYAL GATE IN THE CENTRE OF WELLINGTON ARCH AT CONSTITUTION HILL.
At the suggestion of the Queen the Royal Gate in the centre of Wellington Arch, Hyde Park Corner, was opened to road traffic at peak periods during the rail strike. Normally it is opened only for the Royal family, and, on some occasions, for a Sovereign's Escort.



RESTORED AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY BOMBING: THE CHURCH OF ALL HALLOWS BY THE TOWER, THE GUILD CHURCH OF TOC II IN THE CITY OF LONDON.
Most of the main fabric of the fifteenth-century church of All Hallows by the Tower (the successor of a seventh-century church) was destroyed by enemy action in World War II. This church, the Guild Church of Toc II since 1922, has now been almost completely restored.



OUTRIGHT WINNER OF THE THIRD CORONATION SAFARI: A FORD ZEPHYR, DRIVEN BY V. PRESTON AND D. P. MARWAHA, AT THE FINISHING-POST IN NAIROBI.
The third Coronation Safari, a 2490-mile reliability trial through Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, which is regarded as one of the world's most gruelling motoring events, was won on May 24 by a Ford Zephyr. V. Preston and D. P. Marwaha drove their car to victory against formidable competition.



THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK IN LONDON: A SCENE AT GUILDHALL, WHERE MR. AND MRS. WAGNER ATTENDED A RECEPTION ON JUNE 7.
Mr. Wagner, Mayor of New York, arrived at London Airport on June 6, for the first official visit by a Mayor of that city to the City of London. Our photograph, taken at a reception held in Mr. Wagner's honour at Guildhall on June 7, shows (l. to r.) the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Seymour Howard, with Mrs. Wagner, followed by Lady Howard and Mr. Robert Wagner. During his four-day visit to London Mr. Wagner was received by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at Clarence House.



OPENED ON JUNE 13: A NEW MACH 3 WIND-TUNNEL AT COVENTRY, SHOWING THE CAMERA WHICH PHOTOGRAPHS THE SHOCK WAVES FLOW PATTERN.
A new Mach 3 wind-tunnel, with speeds above 2000 m.p.h., was opened on June 13 at the Whitley guided missile plant of Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft, Coventry. Developed by the Hawker-Siddeley Group, it is designed to give information on conditions approaching the "heat barrier"—the next obstacle in aeronautical development. Shown here is a camera which photographs the shock waves flow pattern on a model guided missile in the tunnel, which is seen on the focusing screen.



MISS A. MORTIMER (G.B.).
Seeded No. 4 at Wimbledon.



MRS. D. KNODE (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 5 at Wimbledon.



MISS D. HARD (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 6 at Wimbledon.



MISS B. PENROSE (Australia).
Seeded No. 7 at Wimbledon.



MISS A. BUXTON (G.B.).
Seeded No. 8 at Wimbledon.



MISS L. BROUGH (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 2 at Wimbledon.



MISS D. J. HART (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 1 at Wimbledon.



T. TRABERT (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 1 at Wimbledon.



K. R. ROSEWALL (Australia).
Seeded No. 2 at Wimbledon.



MRS. B. FLEITZ (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon.



E. V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon.



L. A. HOAD (Australia).
Seeded No. 4 at Wimbledon.



R. HARTWIG (Australia).
Seeded No. 5 at Wimbledon.



J. DROBNY (Egypt).
Seeded No. 6 at Wimbledon.



B. PATTY (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 7 at Wimbledon.



S. DAVIDSON (Sweden).
Seeded No. 8 at Wimbledon.

THE WIMBLEDON SEEDINGS, 1955: LEADING ASPIRANTS FOR THE LAWN TENNIS SINGLES TITLES.

The seedings for the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships which start on Monday, June 20, were announced on June 13. This year the Wimbledon authorities have decided to seed only eight men players, which means that there may well be some exciting matches on the opening day. J. Drobny, the holder of the Men's Singles title, has been seeded No. 6, but last year, when he was seeded No. 11 as a result of his spring results, he won the championship. He is one of the most popular figures at Wimbledon and his fortunes this year will be eagerly followed. Tony Trabert, ranked No. 2 in the U.S.A. last year, has been seeded No. 1. Australia has three representatives in the Men's Singles—K. R. Rosewall, seeded

No. 2; L. A. Hoad, seeded No. 4, and R. Hartwig, No. 5. The United States have two other representatives in E. V. Seixas, seeded No. 3, and B. Patty, seeded No. 7. Sweden has one representative in S. Davidson, seeded No. 8. Miss Maureen Connolly, the Wimbledon champion in 1952, 1953 and 1954, has retired from tournament play and Miss Doris Hart, who has said that this will be her farewell appearance at Wimbledon, has been seeded No. 1. Great Britain's hopes lie with two players—Miss Angela Mortimer, who won the Women's Singles in the French Championships in Paris earlier this month, who is seeded No. 4, and Miss A. Buxton, who is seeded No. 8.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE TO-DAY AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

"THE RED CARPET: 10,000 Miles Through Russia on a Visa from Khrushchev"; By MARSHALL MacDUFFIE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE TIMES, recently, has published a series of articles from a correspondent who has visited Russia several times since the Revolution. That correspondent records changes, and a settling-down into a provisional framework. Wars, internal and external, have, for the time being, stopped. The drive for industrial production, mainly for tractors, secondarily for motor-cars, goes on; but there is an increasing amount of effort available for the production of houses and what are absurdly called "consumer" goods—which means immediately or rapidly consumable goods, like food and raiment. The crowds are better-dressed, classes or "income-tax groups," as they are now timidly called here, are crystallising, the swollen bureaucracy is relaxing its grip on farm and factory, more power is passing into the hands of managers, and the opinion of the "trade unions" is sedulously consulted regarding workers' welfare—health, holidays, pensions—payment to individuals is strictly determined by production, and the "right" to throw a spanner into the works by striking is as far off as ever. These are one man's impressions drawn from new glimpses, compared with old ones, of corners of that immense panorama of Russia. The opinion that the "Plans," however incoherently and imperfectly, are really getting a move on in Russia is confirmed by another observer, who can compare Russia to-day with what it was years ago: Mr. MacDuffie, who was chief of an U.N.R.R.A. mission in Byelorussia and the Ukraine in 1946, and returned in 1953, to travel 10,000 miles.

When Mr. MacDuffie first went to that patchwork-quilt of nations, races and languages which, as a result of conquest and geographical contiguity, is misleadingly called "Russia," he went as a non-political man, merely helping human beings to live. He returned in the same mood: he wished neither to applaud nor to denounce the "gang in the Kremlin" or "Communism" (from which the Soviet Empire is rapidly, and inevitably, drifting away), but merely to see how his fellow human beings, men, women and children, struggling for a living, wanting neither to kill nor to be killed, and hardly aware even of the names of the persons who, temporarily, were governing their fates, were getting on. He travelled as far as he could, talking (which is a drawback) only a modicum of Russian, and reached not merely the conventional Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev, but Tiflis (near which the Asiatic Georgian, Stalin, was born), Samarkand and Tashkent. These places (although I have known Polish prisoners who have been there) are just as difficult of access now as they were when Fred Burnaby did his famous "Ride to Khiva." But Mr. MacDuffie, when dispensing of old his American millions, had known Mr. Khrushchev, who is now Chief Secretary of

the Communist Party and has recently been quaffing with Tito in Belgrade; and "auld acquaintance" gave him not merely admission to Russia but an unusual freedom of circulation when he got there.

Unusual, but not unlimited. The police always had their eyes on him; and especially on his camera: that mysterious instrument which, in the opinion of the Russian police, is all the more sinister if it is used for photographing an apparently ordinary object than if it is recording fortifications. In front of the City Hall at Minsk there is a statue of Lenin: though it is raised on so high a pedestal that he who sees a picture of it can only fairly say that it is a very good statue of an overcoat. "Police detained the author's guide because this photo was taken." Why, oh, why, oh, why? Effigies of Lenin and Stalin are universal. Mr. MacDuffie enumerates those which he saw in the University of Kiev. Those twain (and they neither of

Revolution, and Soviet workmanship may be "very bad," and the socialized farmers may be working harder on their own plots than they are willing to do on the State lands; but, however harassed by the invasions of Germans and doctrinaires, the moujik goes his way as patiently as ever. As we travel with this kindly American over European Russia, into Trans-Caucasia, into Uzbekistan and Kazakstan—which are no more Russia than Ceylon is England—we forget politics and the perpetual menace of war. We go round new factories with keen managers, we greet new machinery with keen peasants; we eat and drink in cottage rooms (adorned with family photographs, relics of dead soldiers and rubber plants as they might be in Rutland) and we are at home with our own kind. But now and then we are, like Mr. MacDuffie, suddenly pulled up. We come to towns, hotels and railway stations where there seems to be

nobody except soldiers in uniform. Mr. MacDuffie met a business-man whom he deplorably calls a "Britisher." "He said he had been in twenty-two capitals of the world and never had he seen so many men in military uniform. An accurate statement, I believe, from my experience." Unpolitical as Mr. MacDuffie is, he is obliged occasionally to glance at manifestations of the greatest of human follies. "It was also saddening," says he, when telling about his stay at a Kiev Resthouse, "to have a sweet-faced kitchen girl ask me pathetically, with anxiety in her eyes, 'Do the American people want to make war on us?'" She, poor lass, had been "conditioned" as the Germans were in 1914 and 1939. I don't know Japan, but I shouldn't be surprised to learn that there were Japanese kitchen-maids firmly convinced that the cruel Americans had wantonly attacked the harmless Japanese at Pearl Harbour.

In some respects the *rapprochement* of Russia to Western civilisation is deplorable. Advertising is

rearing its ugly head, and State Advertising is as banal as any other kind. When our Labour Government nationalised the railways it wasted a lot of your money and mine on painting "British Railways" (for which, in view of recent events, "Anti-British Railways" might suitably be substituted) on the rolling-stock. Mr. MacDuffie saw in the Ukraine a proclamation: "This road was built by the Road and Railway Department of the Ukrainian Republic," on which he comments: "A self-laudatory plug which kept cropping up every few miles. What I wondered was, Who else there could they imagine might have built it?"

"On one finely made road running up a mountain overlooking Tiflis, I came across three huge billboards advertising beer, defacing a lovely mountain view as much as any billboards of the capitalist world."

"Eppur si muove," as Galileo so truly said.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1116 of this issue.

ONE OF LONDON'S FAMOUS ANNUAL EVENTS: THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR—A GENERAL VIEW.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE GALLERY OF THE GREAT HALL, GROSVENOR HOUSE: STALLS ON WHICH WORKS OF ART OF EVERY KIND ARE DISPLAYED AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR.

In our issue of June 4 we illustrated works of art from the Antique Dealers' Fair, which was opened by Countess Mountbatten of Burma on June 8, and will continue until June 23. During the period of this unique fair the Great Hall, Grosvenor House, becomes a treasure chamber containing works of art of every description, all guaranteed genuine by experts, and none made after the year 1830. Our general view gives an idea of the variety and beauty of the objects displayed on the stalls, which occupy the floor of the hall, and also the gallery. The Royal family have, as is their custom, graciously lent treasures for exhibition at the Fair. The Queen's loan is the "table of the Commanders" made for Napoleon in 1812, and presented by Louis XVIII. to the Prince Regent in 1817. Its circular revolving top, 3 ft. in diameter, is made of a single panel of Sèvres porcelain painted in imitation of cameos with ornaments of gold. The Queen Mother, patroness of the Fair, has lent the Mecklenburg-Strelitz table service of early Chelsea porcelain, and other members of the Royal family have sent treasures from their collection for exhibition. All the objects at the Fair, with the exception of Royal Loans and the Loan from the Company of Goldsmiths, are for sale.

them resembled Apollo or the Hermes of Praxiteles) were to be seen in the main assembly hall, the botanical museum, the ichthyology department, and in a string of classrooms, and then: "We went to another building, the main library. Lobby: statues of Stalin, Lenin and Shavchenko. Down the hallway: Malenkov, bust of Lenin, bust of Stalin, statue of Stalin and Lenin sitting together, and then a couple of paintings and busts of writers and scientists. Reading room: Stalin and Lenin in front, Molotov and Khrushchev on one side (and presumably Malenkov on the other side, which I could not see), and statue of Stalin in rear. Another reading room: in front, Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, also bust of Stalin: in rear, Stalin, Lenin, and bust of Stalin and Lenin together." There are many photographs in this book: it is a relief, in a glimpse of a cottage interior, to catch sight of the older kind of ikon.

However, Mr. MacDuffie saw a great deal, and was impressed by the effort which is being made. There may be fewer cattle than there were before the

* "The Red Carpet: 10,000 Miles Through Russia on a Visa by Khrushchev." By Marshall MacDuffie. 32 pages of half-tone illustrations. (Cassell; 18s.)

H.M. THE QUEEN ON HER WAY TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



(ABOVE.) DRIVING THROUGH THE RAIN-SWEPT STREETS, HER CAR BEARING THE ROYAL STANDARD: HER MAJESTY APPROACHING THE HOUSE OF LORDS AFTER THE DRIVE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE State Opening of the first session of the present Parliament on June 9 displayed much of the pageantry and splendour customary on such occasions, though, because of the troubled condition of London's traffic due to the rail strike, some of its more picturesque forms were sadly absent. Instead of travelling in the Irish State Coach, with its Escort of Household Cavalry, Her Majesty drove to the House of Lords by car, as did other members of the Household. The streets were not lined with troops, and the rôle of the Household Cavalry was to provide a dismounted Staircase Party in review dress lining the steps from the Victoria Tower entrance of the House of Lords to the approaches to the Robing Room. But once the simple drive through the rain was accomplished, the familiar beauty of the ritual asserted itself. The colours of the robes of the assembled dignitaries, the flash and sparkle of the tiaras and jewels of peeresses, the elegance of full-dress

(Continued opposite.)



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE ONLOOKERS: THE QUEEN, WEARING THE DIADEM MADE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA AND A WHITE FOX CAPE OVER HER GOWN.

(Continued.)

Service uniforms, the Throne itself, set the scene through which the Royal principal was to make her stately progress. Her Majesty, who for the drive had been dressed in a gold-embroidered gown of white tulle, with a white fox cape, and worn the diadem made for Queen Victoria, approached the throne in procession garbed in the Royal robes with the tall, gleaming Imperial State Crown on her head. At her entry, the lights, which had been dimmed some moments before, blazed up, and the Queen, led by the Duke of Edinburgh, mounted the carpeted steps of the dais to take her seat on the Throne, the Duke thereupon moving to his Chair of State on her left. Having requested the company to be seated and received from the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir, her copy of the speech, the Queen read it in a clear, unfaltering voice, heard by the assembled Houses in respectful silence. After the ceremony of the speech, the Duke of Edinburgh once again took her hand and led her slowly to the floor of the House, and as the peers and parliamentarians followed her procession from the Chamber, the whole fascinating pattern of the occasion dissolved, receded, and finally disappeared from view.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF ANTIOCHUS I., KING OF KOMMAGENE: THE COLOSSAL STATUARY OF A FANTASTIC MOUNTAIN-TOP BURIAL MONUMENT.

By **THERESA GOELL**, Director of the Nemrud Dagh Excavations, and
Dr. F. K. DOERNER, Director of the Arsameia-on-the-Nymphaios Excavations.

Kommagenian studies received great impetus through the pioneering spirit and generosity of the Bollingen Foundation, Inc. (New York), and the American Philological Society (Philadelphia), who made grants to initiate and carry on a preliminary survey in 1953 and excavations of the Hierothesion or out-of-door tomb-temple of Antiochus I., King of Kommagene, in 1954, under the sponsorship of the American Schools of Oriental Research. Miss **THERESA GOELL** acted as Director and **Dr. F. K. DOERNER**, Director of the Excavations of the Hierothesion of Mithradates of Kommagene*, father of Antiochus I., at Arsameia-on-the-Nymphaios River, collaborated as epigrapher. Mr. **KERMIT GOELL**, brother of Miss Goell, made rubber impressions of the inscriptions. The Department of Antiquities of the Turkish Republic, officials of other departments of its Government, and numerous persons of all walks of life helped with their friendly co-operation to open explorations in this isolated region of Kommagene which, in ancient times, was a well-trodden thoroughfare and cultural link between the East and the West. The photographs are by the two authors.

THE outdoor temple-tomb or Hierothesion of Antiochus I. of Kommagene, who ruled about 69 to 34 B.C., is the outstanding landmark of the Upper Euphrates River valley. Crowning the summit of Nemrud Dagh, 2150 metres (7500 ft.) above sea-level on the eastern flank of the Anti-Taurus Mountains in eastern Turkey, it faces fertile Mesopotamia to the south and east, and the rugged limestone mountain-barriers of Malatya (Hittite Milid and classical Melitene) to the north and west (Fig. 1). The ever-changing vistas and coloration of the cycloramic landscape is breathtaking and awe-inspiring, and a constant reminder of man's dependence on the vicissitudes of the complex forces of nature, which the ancients placated with ritual and sacrifice through the homage they paid to their personifications in their many gods.

Kommagene was a natural land-bridge and buffer region between the east and the west throughout its long history and was coveted by the aggressive Powers,

to their oppressors. Kummuhi, one of the City-Kingdoms mentioned, paid an annual tribute of cedar-trees, cattle, large and small, gold and silver. The name Kummuhi is identified with its surviving Greek equivalent, Kommagene, and indicates the persistence of tradition, for surely, even with the destruction of its independence, the indigenous inhabitants and their culture could not all have perished or vanished entirely.

As the cross-road and meeting-place of many cultures streaming into it from all sides—from

which his gods had guided him in his good fortune—and he was now seating himself among them. He prepared it as a sanctuary of the cult of himself—the deified monarch—his glorious ancestors and his syncretised Græco-Persian pantheon of protective deities, Zeus-Oromasdes, Apollo-Mithras-Helios-Hermes, Herakles-Artagnes-Ares, and the Tyche or Goddess of Good Fortune of his fertile Fatherland, Kommagene—the only female personification in his pantheon. His great sacred Edict or *Nomos* inscribed on the monument informs us that he had provided for annual and monthly celebrations of the day of his birth, January 16 (Audnaios), and on the day of his coronation, July 10 (Leo) of the Macedonian Calendar. He assigned estates to furnish the income for the maintenance and perpetuation of his cult by the priests and hereditary musicians administering the ritual and feasting the pilgrims.

The monument expresses in concrete terms the religious and ethnological preoccupations of Antiochus. He provided it with the necessary ritual accessories and adorned it with colossal statues and reliefs of himself, his Græco-Persian gods, his ancestors, guardian celestial lions and eagles. It therefore occupies a key position as the most informative monument of the Ruler Cult and is a strategic example of eclecticism or fusion of elements of Hellenic, Iranian and Mesopotamian civilisations, grafted on to a basic local Old Anatolian tradition in architecture, sculpture and inscriptions during the Hellenistic period.

At the same time the ideals of Antiochus throw light on religious syncretism or combination of gods, such as Apollo-Mithras-Helios-Hermes and Jupiter-Dolichenus which flourished in the religious tolerance of the Hellenistic world. His religion provides evidence of the "salvation" Mystery Cults in the transitional period between paganism and Christianity in the first century before our Era.

The monument which Antiochus called his Hierothesion became known to the West in 1881 through its discovery by a road engineer, Carl Sester, who noticed that the pointed peak of Nemrud Dagh

was not natural, but a man-made mound (Figs. 2, 4, 5). The remoteness and inaccessibility of the site discouraged further personal investigation after the brief work there in 1882 and 1883 by Karl Humann and Otto Puchstein, who published their findings in "Reisen in Kleinasien und Nordsyrien" (Berlin, 1890). O. Hamdy Bey, Director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum, inspected the place in 1883 and published his observations in "Le Tumulus de Nemroud-Dagh" (Constantinople, 1890). Until recently the work of Humann and Puchstein was considered the last word



FIG. 1. A MAP OF ASIA MINOR AND MESOPOTAMIA TO SHOW THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF THE ANCIENT KINGDOM OF KOMMAGENE; AND THE TWO MOUNTAIN PEAKS, NEMRUD DAGH AND ESKI KAHTA, ON WHICH WERE SITED THE TOMBS OF THE TWO KINGS, ANTIOCHUS I. AND MITHRADATES KALLINIKOS.

Armenia to the north, Cappadocia and Cilicia to the north-west and south-west respectively, Syria to the south, Mesopotamia and Parthia-Iran across the Euphrates to the east—we are not surprised to find the impress of many civilisations on the soil and culture of Kommagene. From the time of its conquest by the Assyrians until the late Hellenistic period, when it appears again in classical historical documents, we are faced by a lacuna which must still be filled. It makes its début again in the arena of history with the personality of Antiochus I. of Kommagene, who made a treaty in 62 B.C. with Pompey the Great, who

reorganised the Near East after the campaigns of Lucullus. Antiochus's gift in diplomacy secured him in his throne and preserved the autonomy of his kingdom as a buffer State between Rome and the Parthians. The dynasty, whose foundation is still veiled in mystery, remained on the throne until 72 A.D., when Antiochus IV. of Kommagene was removed by Vespasian for alleged intrigue with the Parthians against the Romans. The region was transformed into a Roman province as part of Northern Syria. This was the same Antiochus IV. who, according to Josephus, sent "Macedonian" troops to Judæa to assist Titus in his siege against the citadel of Jerusalem before her fall in 70 A.D.

Antiochus I. claimed descent from Alexander the Great and the Macedonian

Seleucids of Syria through his mother, Laodicea Thea Philadelphia, and from the Persian Achæmenids through his father, Mithradates Kallinikos of Kommagene, whose Hierothesion is located at Hellenistic Arsameia-on-the-Nymphaios (now Eski Kahta, on the Kahta Chai) at the base of Nemrud Dagh. He called himself a Philhellene and a Philoromaia. According to his inscriptions on Nemrud Dagh, he constructed his Hierothesion in conformance with the best resources of ancient tradition and contemporary artistic practice of the Greeks and the Persians. At a ripe old age he built his last resting-place on the summit of Nemrud Dagh "in proximity with the Heavenly Thrones," as a reward for his piety during his long and happy reign, during



FIG. 2. THE SUMMIT OF NEMRUD DAGH (7500 FT.), SHOWING THE HUGE MAN-MADE TUMULUS WHICH CROWNS THE ACTUAL PEAK. IN THE CENTRE IS A TRIAL TRENCH MADE LAST SEASON IN AN ATTEMPT TO FIND THE ACTUAL TOMB OF ANTIOCHUS I. ANOTHER ATTEMPT IS BEING MADE THIS SUMMER.

including Assyria, Persia, Macedonia, Parthia and Rome, who were trying to gain control of the military and trade routes that traversed it, and possession of its rich resources. As we read in the "Geography" of Strabo, who wrote in the time of Augustus, Kommagene was small in extent, but rich in natural resources. Although on first acquaintance the country included in the modern Vilayet of Adiyaman to-day presents a barren aspect, especially in the nudity of its mountain-slopes, Assyrian records of the ninth and eighth centuries B.C. and later give us a different picture. They tell us that the Late Hittite City States which were first subdued and finally conquered by the Assyrians in the eighth century B.C. paid annual tribute



FIG. 3. A WOMAN'S HEAD IN RELIEF, PORTRAYING A MACEDONIAN ANCESTRESS OF ANTIOCHUS I., POSSIBLY ISIAS. FOUND IN THE COURT OF THE EAST TERRACE, AND FROM THE SOUTH PLINTH OF THE SOUTH WALL OF THE COURT.

on the subject and rendered valiant service, particularly in the field of religion and epigraphy. We believed, however, that the tomb-sanctuary concealed rich treasures of information for historical and cultural studies and that the actual tomb-chamber or last resting-place of Antiochus might still be undisturbed. If so, it would be one of the first of Hellenistic times to be found with its burial paraphernalia intact. Despite the importance of the first century B.C., it is still comparatively a Dark Age, as most of its monuments disappeared under the destructive, or building operations of the Romans, or were used as quarries by local stonemasons. The remoteness of Nemrud Dagh

[Continued opposite.

*An article on the Arsameia excavations will appear in a later issue.



FIG. 4. THE FANTASTIC MOUNTAIN-TOP MEMORIAL OF ANTIOCHUS I. OF KOMMAGENE, SHOWING THE COLOSSAL STATUES OF THE EAST COURT: (L. TO R.) APOLLO-MITHRAS-HELIOS-HERMES; FORTUNA OF KOMMAGENE; ZEUS-OROSMASDES; ANTIOCHUS I; HERACLES-ARTAGNES-ARES; AND A GUARDIAN LION.



FIG. 5. THE SAME ROW OF DEITIES, AFTER CONSIDERABLE EXCAVATION, WITH THE SUMMIT OF THE TUMULUS BEHIND; AND, IN FRONT, SOME OF THE HEADS OF THE DEITIES, A RETAINING WALL AND FRAGMENTS OF SOME OF THE GREETING-RELIEFS WHICH ADORNED THE LOWER COURT.

ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP 7500 FT. ABOVE THE EUPHRATES: THE COLOSSAL MONUMENTS OF ANTIOCHUS I. AND HIS FELLOW GODS.

Continued.
contributed to the preservation of the sculptures and architecture of the sanctuary. Although many other Greek inscriptions of Antiochus survived throughout his kingdom, we still know next to nothing about the foundation of the Kommagenian Hellenistic dynasty to which he belonged; most genealogies assigned to it being conjecture and not based on exact historical evidence. We are only on sure ground in Roman sources, such as Dio Cassius, Appian and Josephus. We believed that the application of modern archaeological field methods against a background of an augmented knowledge of the Middle East in recent years would bring fresh interest, exploration and light to this

long-neglected region which was of such vital importance in ancient times. Antiochus was intoxicated with the ideal of surviving in "unending eternity" and created his Hierothesion for perpetuity. But Fate decreed otherwise and his wheel of fortune turned. The spectacle of him and the fallen gods—their bodies and heads strewn chaotically on the mountain-top courts, the sandstone portrait-reliefs of the monarch and his ancestors melting into grey dust, and the inscriptions broken up into letters and syllables, are a reminder that "no man should call himself happy before his death . . .", as Josephus remarked about Antiochus IV., who was the descendant of Antiochus I. and

[Continued overleaf.]

NEMRUD DAGH: A TURKISH MOUNTAIN-TOP CROWNED WITH HUGE SCULPTURE OF THE FIRST CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 6. COLOSSAL STATUARY AMONG THE DÉBRIS OF THE WEST TERRACE: (L. TO R.) A GUARDIAN EAGLE; APOLLO-MITHRAS-HELIOS-HERMES; AND THE HEAD OF FORTUNA.

Continued. and eagle. The western sides of the bases, facing the tumulus, are inscribed in Greek with his genealogy and Sacred Edict or *Nomos* prescribing the ritual and providing for the perpetuation of his cult. The northern and southern sides of the court were enclosed by walls about 10 ft. high composed of bases, stepped on the court side, holding relief plaques of the Macedonian, Persian and Kommagenian ancestors, male and female. In front of each ancestor stood a bow block altar. On its eastern side, the court is accentuated by a stepped pyramid or Altar, which was crowned by two guardian lions and two eagles flanking a portrait-relief, probably representing Antiochus. These sculptures have survived to some extent, particularly the Lion and the Eagle, which now lie at the northern base of the Altar. The West Terrace, following the uneven contours of the terrain, is over 10 metres lower than the East Terrace and is more confined in area (Fig. 8). It is essentially the same, however, in its details, but lacks the stepped Altar on the edge opposite the colossal statues. It also lacks the high podium on which the colossal statues stand on the East Terrace. On its north-eastern

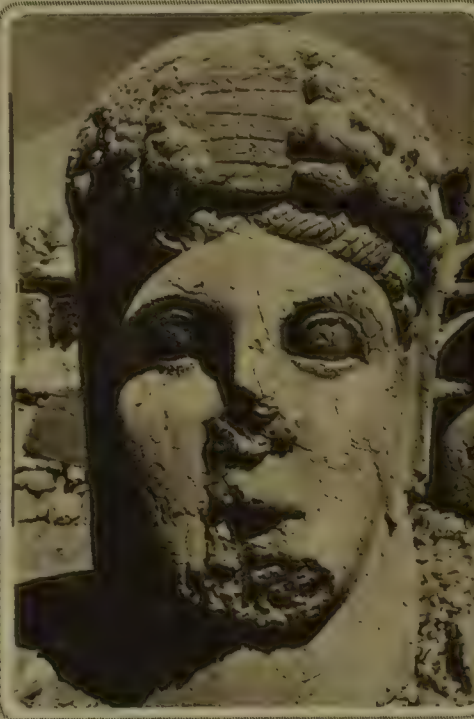
(Continued below.)

Continued. the last monarch of the Hellenistic Kommagenian Dynasty. The outdoor sanctuary is dominated by a central tumulus 150 ft. high surrounded by three terraces partially hewn like shelves out of the living-mountain peak, the small chopped stones being heaped up to form the tumulus (Fig. 2). The East and West Terraces were adorned with colossal statues and reliefs of the deified Antiochus, his gods, ancestors, horoscope and guardian animals. The East Terrace, with central court, was the principal one for the performance of the ritual. The rearing tumulus on its western side acts as a foil for the seven pedestals which stand on the top of a rock-cut podium about 20 ft. above the court floor (Figs. 4 and 5). The five inner pedestals hold five enthroned figures, at least 24 ft. high, of Antiochus seated in the company of his Pantheon, facing east. From left to right (south to north) they represent Apollo-Mithras-Helios-Hermes, the Fortuna of his "Fatherland"—fertile Kommagene, Zeus-Oromasdes, in the centre the largest and highest, Antiochus with the head-dress of a deity, and Herakles-Artagnes-Ares. Each end was flanked by a group composed of a colossal lion (Fig. 7)

(Continued on left.)



FIG. 7. A COLOSSAL LION'S HEAD, ORIGINALLY FROM THE ROW OF HUGE STATUES ON THE EAST TERRACE. NOTE THE "WART OF STRENGTH" BETWEEN THE EYES.



FIGS. 10-12. THREE OF THE COLOSSAL HEADS FOUND ON THE WEST TERRACE OF THE SANCTUARY: (L. TO R.) ANTIOCHUS I.; FORTUNA, MOTHER GODDESS OF KOMMAGENE; AND ZEUS-OROMASDES—THIS PHOTOGRAPH HAS BEEN TURNED ON ITS SIDE FOR EASIER STUDY.



FIG. 16. LYING WHERE IT HAD FALLEN FROM THE STATUE ON THE EAST TERRACE: THE HEAD OF APOLLO-MITHRAS-HELIOS-HERMES, AMONG TUMULUS RUBBLE.



FIG. 17. ON THE EAST TERRACE (SEE ALSO FIG. 5): (L. TO R.) THE HEADS OF HERAKLES-ARTAGNES AND ANTIOCHUS I., WITH, EXTREME LEFT, THE TIP OF THE KING'S MITHRAIC HEAD-DRESS.

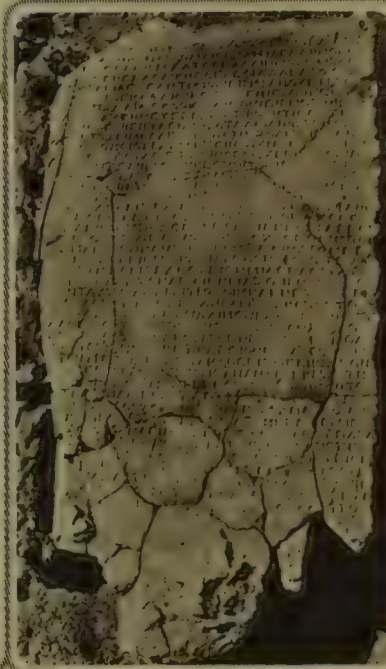


FIG. 18. A STELE OF ANTIOCHUS I., WITH AN INSCRIPTION IN GREEK, MARKING THE APPROACH ROAD.

Continued. side there is a long, stepped platform running north to south which held a wall composed of stelai with reliefs of Antiochus being greeted by his deities. Four plaques represent Antiochus and Zeus-Oromasdes, Apollo-Mithras-Helios-Hermes (Fig. 14), Herakles-Artagnes-Ares, and the Fortuna. At the southern end was the famous Lion Horoscope relief (Fig. 9) covered with nineteen stars showing the crescent moon and three planets inscribed in Greek—i.e., Jupiter (nearest to the head), Mercury (centre) and Mars (nearest to the tail). It had been considered as an astrological representation of the birth of Antiochus, but recent researches by Professor Otto Neugebauer, based on astronomical evidence, have revealed that the relief represents the actual conjunction of the three planets in Leo. He claims that the Lion might commemorate the confirmation of Antiochus in his kingdom by the Romans in July, 62 B.C. However, we are inclined to believe that Antiochus would not have given such prominence to

a memorial perpetuating his defeat! But it is possible that he did consider it an achievement to become an ally of Rome. It is a more significant hypothesis for our investigations that this relief is a memorial to the foundation of the sanctuary or the occasion of his deification by his gods which the greetings appear to indicate. At any rate, they show him being received in the Heavenly Spheres or on the "Heavenly Thrones" by his deities. The north and south ends of the row were terminated by groups again composed of a lion and eagle (Figs. 19, 21). The most exciting architectural find of both seasons was made on the East Terrace when we cleared what had been considered by previous investigators to be a monumental stairway (such as fronts a Roman temple) leading to the colossal statues at its summit. It was not a stairway at all, but a platform or podium in two tiers, cut from the living rock, and partially artificial (Fig. 5). The upper constitutes a tribune; the lower, a stepped

(Continued above, centre.)

A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF THE DEIFIED RULER CULT: ANTIOCHUS' COLOSSAL MONUMENT TO HIMSELF.



FIG. 8. THE GREAT ROW OF STATUE BASES ON THE WEST TERRACE. ON THE BACK OF THE SQUARED SOCKETS IS A LONG, CONTINUOUS INSCRIPTION IN GREEK, THE SACRED EDICT OF ANTIOCHUS.

fragmentary condition. This find is of extreme importance as it gives us evidence that the sanctuary was not the caprice of a megalomaniacal or pompous monarch, as some have described Antiochus, but that it was rooted in tradition. For at the Hierothesion of his father, Mithradates, at Arsameia-on-the-Nymphaeis, we found three stepped platforms hewn out of the living rock of the hill-slope, to-day called Eski Kale (or Old Castle, in Turkish). They are situated in close proximity to the great Edict of Antiochus cut in

Continued.] platform, holding five sockets in which stood a wall composed of stelai with reliefs of Antiochus and his protective deities, similar to those on the West Terrace, as far as we can say at the present stage of our excavations and reconstructions. One stele was sculptured with a relief of the Lion, similar to the one on the West Court; the row was flanked by lions and eagles, which have survived only in a

[Continued on right.]



FIG. 9. THE LION HOROSCOPE OF ANTIOCHUS I.—FROM THE WEST COURT. A RELIEF SHOWING THE CONSTELLATION LEO AND THE CONJUNCTION OF CERTAIN PLANETS, WHICH HAS BEEN INTERPRETED TO REPRESENT THE DATE OF JULY, 62 B.C. THE EVENT COMMEMORATED IS NOT CERTAINLY KNOWN.



FIG. 13. THE COLOSSAL HEAD OF HERACLES-ARTAGNES, WITH HITTITE HEAD-DRESS. THE WORKMAN IS PUTTING HIS HAND IN THE LIFTING-HOLE OF THE SCULPTURE.



FIG. 14. A RELIEF FROM THE WEST COURT SHOWING ANTIOCHUS CROWNED (LEFT) BEING GREETED BY APOLLO-MITHRAS, WHO IS WEARING THE TYPICAL PHRYGIAN CAP.



FIG. 15. FROM THE RELIEFS OF THE EAST TERRACE, WHICH SHOW THE ANCESTORS OF ANTIOCHUS: THE HEAD OF DARIUS I., ONE OF THE PERSIAN ANCESTORS.

Continued.]

Greek in a wall of living rock. Sunken into the upper surface of three platforms are single and double sockets which held colossal stelai, about 10 ft. high, decorated with reliefs of the monarch and his deity, Mithras. The socket on Platform III. shows Mithradates with Herakles. We consider these single and double-socketed platforms as prototypes for the monument on Nemrud Dag. The feature of long walls with reliefs facing a court or passage is familiar to us as the hall-mark of Old Anatolian tradition, which we know from such renowned Hittite sites as Yazili Kaya at Boghaz Koy, the capital of the Hittite Empire, at Alaca Huyuk and Tell Halaf. They also appear in Late Hittite sites of north Syria and in the region of Kommagene—Carchemish, Sakçe Gözü, and Sincirli, which were defeated by the Assyrians in the eighth century B.C. The architectural feature of the walls, with reliefs facing the court, link the monument of

[Continued below.]



FIG. 19. A GUARDIAN LION AND EAGLE, FROM THE WEST TERRACE, FLANKING A ROW OF GREETING-RELIEFS.

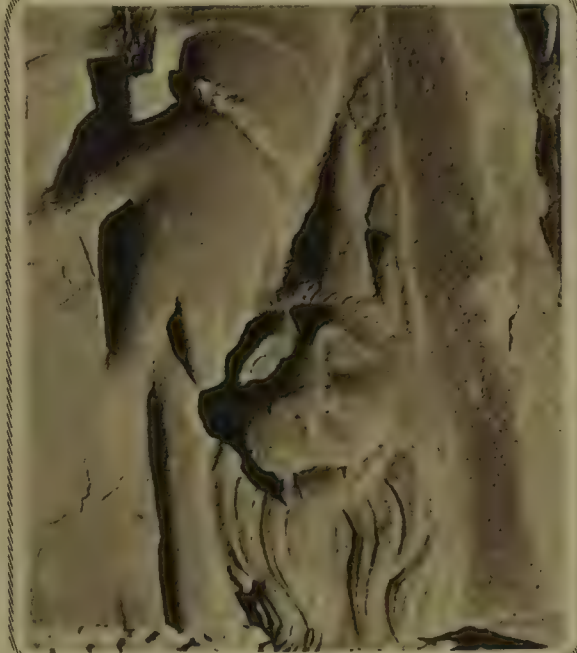


FIG. 20. A DETAIL FROM THE WEST TERRACE: THE HAND OF ZEUS-OROMASDES, BESIDE A HORNED LION'S HEAD.



FIG. 21. A GUARDIAN LION, ALSO SHOWN IN FIG. 19. THIS ASPECT SHOWS THE FEATHERED FORE-LEGS.

Continued.]

Antiochus on Nemrud Dag with essentially basic Old Anatolian and Syrian Late Hittite style, regardless of what the origin of these might have been in even remoter times. We are aware of the absence of links between the eighth and the first centuries B.C., but we are convinced that intensive exploration in Kommagene will bring to light the missing connecting evidence. The Lion Horoscope, until now the best-known of Kommagenian Hellenistic art, is of special significance for us for the history of sculpture, as it can be compared detail by detail with the lions of Carchemish, Sincirli, Sakçe Gözü, and others associated with Late Hittite monuments. The excavations brought to light a wealth of free-standing sculpture and reliefs that will add welcome material to the repertoire of Hellenistic art. Among them are the colossal head of Antiochus on the West Terrace, with pointed

head-dress (as in Hittite and Syrian gods), resembling the young Alexander (Fig. 10); the head of Darius in relief (Fig. 15), and the head of a female Macedonian ancestress, both on the East Terrace (Fig. 3). Then there is the guardian lion of the greeting-reliefs, which is a superb monument in sandstone, showing its royal and celestial aspects with symbolical details, and a general aura or atmosphere that has affinities with Old Central Anatolian art and Late Hittite. Of greatest interest for epigraphy and religion was our discovery in 1954 of a colossal stele inscribed in Greek (Fig. 18). It was placed in the valley below the East Terrace by the order of Antiochus, to indicate the Processional Road to the Sanctuary, and it warns those, who might come unknowingly, as well as those who come with intention to desecrate the Holy Place, to flee, or dire consequences will befall them.

BRITISH and French intervention in the war between Russia and Turkey began in 1854, and last year the centenary of the Crimean War was celebrated by a number of articles and otherwise. One journal, "A Diary of the Crimea," was edited by myself. But it was the opening phase, and especially the Battle of the Alma, that attracted public attention in this country. By the summer of 1855 the war, wholly inconclusive in 1854, had reached its decisive stage, yet I have seen no further reference to centenaries as yet. Perhaps it was not to be expected that the interest should be maintained, at all events at the pitch which it reached last year. On June 18, the date on which this article will see the light, the Allies suffered the most serious military check of the war. Their other, and far greater, disasters had been due to the weather and their own defects in administration. This was a military repulse. It was one that ought not to have occurred.

To Napoleon III. the campaign in the Crimea was part of the machinery for consolidating his régime. Therefore he wanted to see it ended by a master-stroke, a crushing victory in the open field. He was all ready to come out and assume the supreme command. His plan is too complex to describe here, and it will be enough to say that it would have brought on a clash in one set of circumstances or another with the Russian field army. In most cases his orders would have been punctually obeyed and he would have arrived on the scene himself, to the dismay of Lord Raglan and probably of the majority of the French generals. He had, however, appointed a new commander, a rough-tongued, heavily-built, bull-necked man, who was also a notable personality. Pélissier had a mind of his own, and the fact that he and Raglan worked hand-in-glove made his position secure. As regards the Army, the Emperor was like a man who has bought an Alsatian dog of doubtful temper. He was careful not to try this temper too far.

Pélissier was also popular. One of his first acts had been to recover ground on which the Russians, pushing out from Sevastopol, had dug themselves in. Riding through the British lines, he was suddenly, to his surprise, greeted by roar upon roar of cheers. The British troops liked his spirit. Kinglake, perhaps too imaginative, thought they divined that wild-cat schemes were being pressed upon him. Their reception encouraged the French commander. He was against adventurous plans such as that of Napoleon, the complete investment of the fortress, followed by a battle in the open, which would drive the Russians off its communications and cut it off entirely. He thought that assault on the south side of the fortress would finish the business. He disregarded the Emperor's injunctions. The allied armies were now at full strength and well found. They looked rather better, however, than they were. The young British reinforcements did not quite match the veterans killed off during the winter. The French had to rely too much on picked troops, such as Zouaves.

Pélissier, Raglan agreeing, decided to take first the most important southern outworks of Sevastopol, the White Works, the Mamelon, and the Quarries. The bombardment opened on June 6. Finally, 544 guns went into action on the whole front, pounding the works unmercifully. The defending commander, Todleben, noted that the British fire was rather slower than the French, but more accurate. He and his men toiled all night to restore their batteries and reopen blocked earthworks, but the fire on the 7th brought his labour practically to naught. The Zouaves moved to the assault of the Mamelon with their *vivandière* riding in front—a little theatrical, Raglan must have thought, as he watched, but it paid. Up went the tricolour over the Mamelon. Then came the turn of the British at the Quarries, a work which lay in front of and covered the Great Redan, within the fortifications of the city. This was a smaller affair, but equally successful.

The losses had been substantial, but Pélissier was now on top of the world. The works within the fortifications, the Little Redan, the Malakov, and the Great Redan, were bigger and more formidable than those taken on June 7, but he saw no reason why they should not be stormed on the same principles, which gave the strong allied artillery a very important rôle. Raglan was prepared to take on the Great Redan. When the allied armies had been more or less equal in strength, the British commander had often asserted himself strongly. Now that the French were predominant, he thought it his duty to fall in with Pélissier's wishes when he could conscientiously do so, and there is no reason to believe that this occasion

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

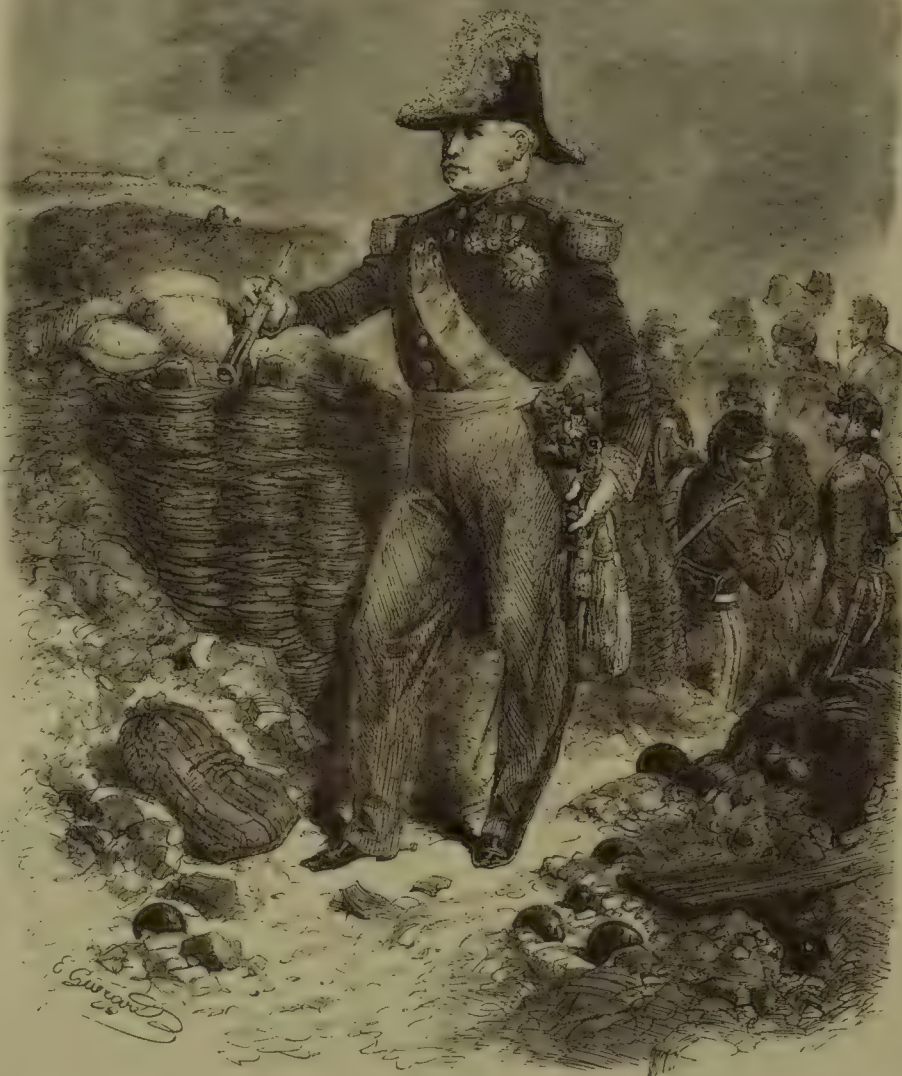
CENTENARY OF A CRIMEAN MISADVENTURE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

found him uneasy. Pélissier, however, seems to have become irritated and strained by his quarrel with the Emperor and the latter's advisers. He had a row with his best subordinate, Bosquet, transferred him to another part of the front, and brought in a new man, who had no time to study the ground thoroughly. Worse was to follow.

The Allies could not be sure of one factor which was familiar to the Russians; but they had surely reason to suspect it, knowing how hard the Russians could work under the eye of Todleben. What had made possible the success of June 7 was, above all, the renewal of the bombardment before the assault. Now, at the last moment, Pélissier decided on a dawn assault without further artillery preparation. Raglan



"A ROUGH-TONGUED, HEAVILY-BUILT, BULL-NECKED MAN, WHO WAS ALSO A NOTABLE PERSONALITY": MARSHAL PELISSIER, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA. FROM A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF OCTOBER 6, 1855. Pélissier was said to be of Irish descent, his grandfather a Limerick man named Palisser. He earned early distinction as a young officer in Algeria, and a massacre of the Arabs, their wives and children at Dahra, for which he was responsible, "did not in the least bar his advance." Indeed, he left Algeria as its Governor-General to command the First Division of the French Army in the Crimea. The apparent irresolution of his Commander-in-Chief led to that officer's dismissal and his replacement by Pélissier. The new Commander-in-Chief brought a fresh resolution and energy to this dismal campaign, and the capture of Sevastopol followed his appointment by only a few months. He was outstanding among allied commanders of any age because of the enthusiasm and confidence, described by Captain Falls, in which he was held by British officers and men alike.

doubted gravely whether this was not a mistake. It was still within his power to decline to take part in the operation on these terms. If he had done so it would either have been postponed for discussion or carried out after a renewed bombardment. He decided to comply with the French plan out of a sense of loyalty. Yet the commander's highest loyalty is to the troops of his country who have been committed to his care, and if he believes that a plan proposed to him is likely to result in heavy loss without an adequate chance of victory he ought to refuse to commit himself to it.

In this case the concentration was detected by the enemy, so that the advantage of surprise, which might have compensated for the absence of a fresh bombardment, was lost. Then there were a series of mishaps. A shell fired from the Mamelon, trailing a burning fuse through the darkness, was taken by the French general who was to lead the assault for the signal for attack. Though his officers knew he was wrong and

begged him to wait, he went forward prematurely. On the British side—the left wing—lack of discipline allowed troops who should not have been there to crowd those destined for the assault out of their forming-up position. The French got themselves so tied up that when the genuine assault signal was fired on Pélissier's order, troops who should have advanced were not ready to do so.

Meanwhile, tremendous fire was pouring from the Russian forts. The British column commanders, Major-General Sir John Campbell and Colonel Yea, were both killed. In front of the Great Redan the British were stopped by obstacles. The Russians shot them to pieces with shell, shot, grape, and musketry. At the Malakov, which a participant described as looking like a vast volcano, the fate of the French was the same. The men lay in heaps in front of it. Nor was success obtained at the Little Redan, on the extreme right. In short, the whole thing was a failure. By 8 a.m. all the survivors were withdrawn. Our men were sullen and enraged because Russian riflemen continued to fire on the wounded, but eventually a brief truce was arranged to bring them in.

The losses were very heavy, French about twice as large as British. Those of the Russians were bigger than both put together, but in this case were nearly all due to the bombardment.

The tragedy of June 18 was that Pélissier was almost certainly right in his determination to take the defences of Sevastopol by assault instead of making a complete investment, which might well have led to a recurrence of cholera in full strength. He failed through an error of judgment. Raglan was overwhelmed with grief. He knew in his heart that he should not have yielded against his own instinct. Ten days later he was dead, with Pélissier weeping beside his camp-bed. The cholera by which he had been attacked was of a relatively light type, and some observers thought that he would have recovered had he not been prostrated by the strain he had endured and vexation over the failure of the assault. Pélissier's appreciation was to be proved correct, though it was to take seven weeks to repair the errors of June 18.

The Russians had suffered a heavy loss in leadership and engineering skill. Todleben, slightly wounded on the day of the assault, was knocked out two days later. He was a young man and was to win fame as great as that which he had gained in the Crimea in another war with Turkey a generation later, but he did not reappear in this war. The defenders were now losing, on an average, well over a thousand men a day. They realised that Sevastopol was doomed unless they broke the siege by a victory in the field. They made their great effort on August 16 and met with a disastrous reverse on the Chernaya. The British were not involved, except that they gave some slight aid in artillery fire; it was almost entirely a French victory, the remaining allied troops engaged being Sardinians. The second great assault on Sevastopol also went to the credit of the French, who took the Malakov, whereas we failed again at the Great Redan.

The breach in the defences of Sevastopol brought the end, though it took some time to come to terms. It was a sober and, in a sense, saddening, end for this country. We, who had borne the brunt of all the earlier fighting, had closed the account with two successive failures, the French with two successive and decisive victories. The French Army emerged from the war with great prestige. Study of British uniforms in the period immediately after it shows that we copied those of the French almost slavishly. They had certainly shown themselves livelier and quicker in manoeuvre, dashing in attack, and on many occasions solid enough in defence. Yet most of our officers who left their opinions on record were certain that our infantry and artillery were the better, while our seamen in the landing parties were magnificent. Whereas our regiments were remarkably level, those of the French were far from being so.

Crimean tactics are not of the highest interest, but as a tragic and passionate drama the war stands high in this respect. Seldom in modern times have troops been more highly tried, borne the miseries of warfare more stoutly, or fought in attack and defence with higher courage. The war was waged fiercely and even brutally. Yet after it was over there were elaborate courtesies, reviews of troops by former foes, fraternisations, comparatively friendly feelings. Wars are not pretty, whether they end thus or in hatred and estrangement, but it seems a pity that the modern world should have abandoned the practice of making the best of things when the fighting is over and trying to return to normality at the earliest possible moment.



CELEBRATING ITS QUATERCENTENARY: ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD, SHOWING THE CHARLES I. GATE.

Two Oxford colleges celebrate the quatercentenary of their foundations this year. One is St. John's College, of which we show some impressions by our artist, Bryan de Grineau, on this and on following pages. The other is Trinity College, also founded in 1555, of which we shall reproduce drawings, by Bryan de Grineau, in our next issue, dated June 25. June 25 is the day which both Colleges have chosen to hold their combined celebrations. The programme includes a service in the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin, at which the Bishop of Winchester, who

is Visitor of both Colleges, will be present. This will be followed by parties in St. John's and Trinity Gardens, which adjoin and will be linked by a bridge for the occasion. Before buffet supper in College there is to be music in St. John's Gardens, and after supper a firework display in Trinity Gardens. Earlier, on June 20, both Colleges are to celebrate with a combined Commemoration Ball. The Canterbury Quadrangle and Charles I. Gate at St. John's, which are shown above, are described on the following pages.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



STANDING IN ST. GILES'S BEHIND A SCREEN OF ANCIENT ELMs: ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD, A VIEW OF THE FRONT, WHICH WAS FORMERLY PART OF ST. BERNARD'S COLLEGE.

The College of St. John Baptist, Oxford, was founded in 1555 by Sir Thomas White, a Roman Catholic, a Merchant Taylor, and twice Lord Mayor of London, during the reign of Mary Tudor and the brief Catholic restoration. St. John's, like several other Oxford colleges, is not the first foundation to occupy its site, for Sir Thomas White was able to buy the deserted buildings of St. Bernard's College, which was founded as early as 1437 by Archbishop Chichele of All Souls, and had been suppressed at the Reformation. The earlier college had no endowments, being entirely

supported by the Clisterian abbots for Clisterian monks studying in the University. St. Bernard's statue is still to be seen over the entrance to the College. Several of the colleges formerly had terraces before their gates, but St. John's alone have kept theirs. The south and west sides of the front quadrangle are the earliest buildings belonging to St. Bernard's, but the dormer windows date from the seventeenth century. The north side comprises the chapel and hall, built between 1500 and 1530, which have been a good deal restored and altered. The Founder's religious

sympathies were long reflected in the College, the early presidents of which were Roman Catholics, and Edmund Campion, who was later executed at Tyburn, was a fellow of St. John's and delivered the Founder's funeral oration. Eight years after Campion's martyrdom, William Laud received his scholarship at St. John's, and he was later President of the College from 1611 to 1621. In 1631, when he was Chancellor of the University and Bishop of London, he started the second quadrangle, or Canterbury Quadrangle, which he finished in 1636, as Archbishop of Canterbury. The drawing

on the previous page shows part of this beautiful Quad, one of the loveliest in Oxford, and the splendid bronze statue of Charles I., by Le Sueur, over one of the archways. The other archway is surmounted by a bronze statue of Charles's Queen, Henrietta Maria, also framed in a lovely baroque surround. Beyond the Canterbury Quadrangle are the gardens, which are large and famous for their beauty. They are so skilfully laid out that the plan has been variously ascribed to Repton, to "Capability" Brown, and to both of them.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



INSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S: THE FRONT QUADRANGLE, WHICH HAS BEEN COMPLETELY RELAID TO COMMEMORATE THE QUATERCENTENARY OF THE COLLEGE.



ADORNED WITH PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE: THE INTERIOR OF THE HALL, WHICH OWES ITS PRESENT APPEARANCE TO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EMBELLISHMENTS.

AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD: VIEWS OF THE FRONT QUADRANGLE; AND THE HALL.

The Hall, formerly the Kitchen, of the old foundation, was built in or after 1502 but successive redecorations and alterations have completely transformed it. The fireplace, which can be seen in the above drawing, was the gift of John Preston and was made in 1731. The painting above it on scagliola is a copy by Lamberto Gorio of Raphael's "John the Baptist." The large portrait (shown centre-right of the drawing, looking down the Hall) is a full-length painting of the Founder, Sir Thomas White. On the left of this is a portrait of Archbishop Laud, and on the

right one of Bishop Juxon, who succeeded Laud both as President of the college and as Bishop of London. The panelling in the Hall dates from 1744. The top drawing on this page shows part of the front quadrangle, which has recently been completely relaid, to a design prepared by Sir Edward Maufe, to commemorate the quatercentenary. The money for this work was collected from subscriptions. In the niche on the east face of the tower over the entrance gates is a statue of St. John the Baptist by the late Eric Gill, which was placed there in 1936.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

ROYAL OCCASIONS, INCLUDING THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN'S FIRST JOURNEY BY AIR



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE GIRL GUIDES' ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING: EXAMINING A TRAINING VAN.
The Princess Royal, President of the Girl Guides' Association, presided at the annual meeting at St. James's Palace on June 8; and inspected and sent off on its first tour (during which isolated villages will be visited) the Association's equipped training van, purchased by a grant from the King George VI. Memorial Foundation.



AFTER THEIR FIRST FLIGHT: THE ROYAL CHILDREN ABOUT TO TAKE CHARGE OF THEIR TWO CORGIS.
The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne flew in an aircraft for the first time on June 9, when they travelled to London. The Royal children had been staying at Balmoral, and were prevented from returning on June 5 because Princess Anne had a slight ear infection.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY: ENTERING THE NEW GATES, WHICH SHE HAD OPENED.
The Princess Royal on June 6 opened with a golden key the new gates of St. James's, Piccadilly, a Wren church severely damaged in the war, and unveiled a plaque commemorating the presentation of gates and railings by the Piccadilly and St. James's Association on the occasion of the Coronation.



AT ERIDGE CASTLE: THE QUEEN MOTHER BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET BY LADY ROSE NEVILL.
When Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opened the Museum of Costume at Eridge Castle, Tunbridge Wells, on June 8, she was presented with a bouquet by Lady Abergavenny's youngest daughter, Lady Rose Nevill, aged four, who wore an 1865 dress. The Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny have given up the west wing of their home to house the museum.



AT THE BUSINESS EFFICIENCY EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEARNING ABOUT THE WORKING OF A CONTINUOUS STATIONERY MACHINE.
On June 7 the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to the Business Efficiency Exhibition at Olympia. Our photograph shows the Hon. David J. Smith, chairman of W. H. Smith and Son Ltd., explaining to the Duke the working of Alacra pin-wheel-feed continuous stationery.



(LEFT.) SHAKING HANDS WITH SQ.-LDR. C. C. MCCARTHY-JONES, COMMANDER OF THE R.AUX.A.F. SQUADRON, ADOPTED BY THE L.C.C.: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ITS HON. AIR COMMODORE.
The ceremony of adoption by the London County Council of No. 601 (County of London) Squadron, R.Aux.A.F., took place at the County Hall on June 8. The Duke of Edinburgh, Hon. Air Commodore of the Squadron, accepted a copy of the resolution by which the L.C.C. adopted it; and the Commander, Squadron Leader C. C. McCarthy-Jones, accepted a carved reproduction of the Council's coat of arms, and presented the Council with a copy of the Squadron badge.



ARRIVING FOR A PERFORMANCE OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: PRINCESS MARGARET AT EARLS COURT.
On June 7 Princess Margaret accompanied Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother to a performance of the Royal Tournament. Next day the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh saw the Royal Tournament, accompanied by Field Marshal Pibul Songgram, Prime Minister of Siam, and General Carpentier, C-in-C., Allied Forces, Central Europe.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THREE or four years ago a friend gave me a small rose-bush—a sucker on its own roots under the name *Rosa primula*. I planted it in a mixed flower border and

there, without fuss or special attention, it has grown into a fine, upstanding 6-ft. bush, and is now, in the first week of June, covered with most lovely soft, yellow, single roses. A week ago I cut three foot-long sprays of blossom, and put them in a severely simple Chinese bronze bowl where they have lasted

ROSA PRIMULA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

The foliage of *Rosa primula* has the dainty fineness of some of the briars and of the *spinosissima* roses, and the leaves have a faint suspicion of the fruity scent of sweet briar. The flowers are larger than given in the Dictionary—2 ins. exactly on my plant. They are strung along the slender branches, an inch or so apart, profuse but uncrowded, and with the dainty leaves showing between. In colour they are butter-yellow, rather rich butter, the brush of stamens giving a darker central tone. As with all, or almost all the beautiful wild species of rose, *R. primula* flowers once in the year and once only. I have not searched nursery catalogues for *Rosa primula*, but it is pretty certain that at least some of the firms which specialise in choice trees and shrubs stock it.

Yesterday I saw in a neighbour's garden a superb show of *Anemone alpina*. Three plants had been planted close together and grown into what gave the effect of one huge plant, as fine as any that I ever saw in the Alps. There were a dozen or more of the huge white blossoms carried on stout 2-ft. stems. A little colony of *A. alpina* which I planted at the same time, and which should be flowering now, became dead—by misadventure. In autumn the plant dies right down, with little to show where the great thick roots go plunging deep into the soil, and in this case they got cleared out in tidying-up operations by one who grows excellent vegetables, and who—to give him full credit—does marvels in general upkeep of the rest of the garden, and surprisingly little damage—considering. In deputing garden operations to others one must be prepared with a fair fund of charitable "considering." It was largely my own fault. Clot that I was, I ought to have marked my *Anemone alpinas* with sticks when they went to earth in autumn.

A solitary plant of *Anemone narcissiflora* is flowering well just now, an almost painful reminder of the flowered pastures above the Col de Lautaret, where I dug it up six years ago. It grew there by the acre, the hundred acre, together with the Poet Narcissus and a hundred other high Alpine delights. With its cluster-heads of many white blossoms on 12-in. stems, the buds pink like apple-blossom buds, it is a most beautiful thing, and apparently not difficult to grow. Yet how very seldom one sees it in gardens. Of my solitary specimen of the Alpine Columbine, *Aquilegia alpina*, I have written on this page before. It seems to resent having been

a sort of misshapen green vegetable-wart. This year it did much the same, but the wart did at least put out a few small abortive petals, in sombre blue.

Clearly something must be done about it. But what? Had the plant come from the Swiss Alps instead of the French a course of gramophone records of yodelling at the appointed time of its flowering might deceive it into feeling sufficiently at home to blossom properly. As it is, I intend to feed the brute. A rich mulch of peat and *pâté vache* seems to be indicated, and I shall apply it this week to build up its strength, and fortify its morale.

An anemone of very great beauty, which looks easy to grow yet which is seldom seen in English gardens



"HUGE WHITE BLOSSOMS CARRIED ON STOUT 2-FT. STEMS": A FINE COLONY OF *ANEMONE ALPINA* IN FULL BLOOM.

uncommonly well for single roses, and have given me more pleasure than any flowers-in-water that I have had for a very long time. They have given pleasure, too, to everyone who has seen them. All who come into the room spot them at once and exclaim "How beautiful! What are they?", and "How perfect in that dark, simple bowl!" In fact, it has all been so pleasing and satisfactory that I decided to write about *Rosa primula*.

I like, when I can, to tell of any plant or flower which is outstandingly beautiful, a little out of the ordinary, and not too impossibly difficult to obtain and to grow. But in writing about such things, I like to make sure of my facts as far as may be, and find out where a plant comes from, when it was first introduced, and, in the case of a plant that might be difficult to come by, a likely source of supply.

In the case of *Rosa primula* I turned first to Bean's "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," and to my horror and surprise could find no mention of such a species. I found it, however, in G. S. Thomas's "Roses as Flowering Shrubs" (third edition), and also in the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening," where there was even an illustration of it. The plant was introduced from Turkestan in 1911. Among other things, the R.H.S. description says, "More or less upright dense bush 7 to 10 ft. high: leaves fragrant, flowers pale yellow, saucer-shaped, about 1½ ins. across, fragrant, solitary. Late May. Distinct from *Rosa ecae*, with which it has been confused, by its taller habit, larger, paler flowers, and much larger maroon fruit."



"WITH ITS CLUSTER-HEADS OF MANY WHITE BLOSSOMS ON 12-IN. STEMS, THE BUDS PINK LIKE APPLE-BLOSSOM BUDS, IT IS A MOST BEAUTIFUL THING": *ANEMONE NARCISSIFLORA*, WHICH GROWS "BY THE ACRE, THE HUNDRED ACRE," NEAR THE COL DE LAUTARET.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

brought from Lautaret, even to the lovely Cotswolds. Although the plant is well established and never fails to produce each summer a crop of its fine, delicate foliage, never once in its six years in my garden has it produced a single one of those great, spreading sapphire blossoms which are surely one of the loveliest sights in all the high Alps. Last year it raised hopes by producing what looked like a promising bud, but which in the end became a hideous monstrosity,



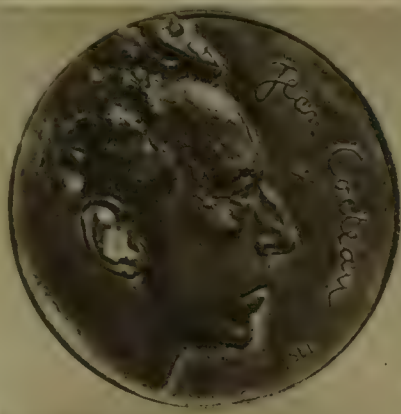
"AN ANEMONE OF VERY GREAT BEAUTY . . . WHICH IS SELDOM SEEN IN ENGLISH GARDENS": *ANEMONE RUPICOLA*, "WITH HANDSOME, DEEPLY-DIVIDED, VERY GLOSSY LEAVES AND GREAT WHITE BLOSSOMS."

is *Anemone rupicola*. Two specimens are in flower now in my son's garden, one of which he raised from seed. The other he bought as a ready-made plant. Both look extremely healthy and prosperous, with handsome, deeply-divided, very glossy leaves and great white blossoms on 6-in. stems. They are growing in fairly rich loam, full of lime. I have grown this anemone many times, but never with any permanent success. How or why I have lost it I have no idea. Probably "just one of those things." It looks easy to grow, and certainly my son does not appear to have fussed it in any sort of way.

In writing recently of that superb Poet or Pheasant's Eye narcissus, "Frigid," I made one rather misleading statement. I said that it was still somewhat expensive to buy—in fact, "still on the gold standard." I have since looked it up in the raiser's catalogue and find it listed at 7s. 6d. per bulb. However, in spite of being merely on the cupro-nickel standard, it is a superb thing, with its snow-white blossoms, without the usual

gold and orange-red pheasant's-eye centre. Thanks to the solid texture and substance of the flowers, they last extraordinarily well in water. Longer, in fact, than any other narcissus I have ever known, and those which were not cut are still standing in the garden, fresh and splendid, four days into flaming June—that "flaming" well justified this year by a log fire which is still very welcome of an evening. Flaming June? Flaming climate!

"EUROPEAN MEDALS, 1930 TO 1955":
A ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.



"JEAN COCTEAU": THE FRENCH GENIUS-OF-ALL-WORK. A BRONZE MEDAL BY MME. J. H. COEFFIN, STRUCK IN 1951.



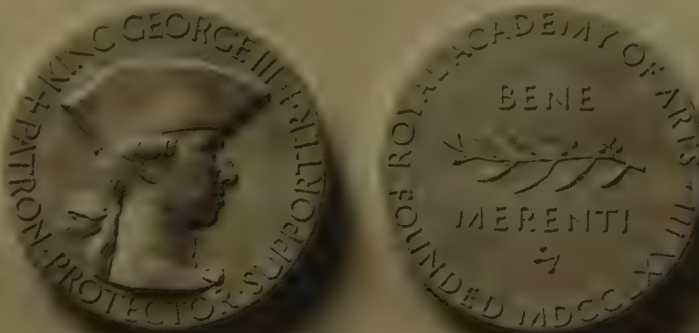
"BORDEAUX, LA NOBLE VILLE": A LIVELY MUNICIPAL MEDAL IN BRONZE, BY MAURICE DELANNOY, STRUCK IN 1943. OBTUSE AND REVERSE, STRUCK BY THE PARIS MINT.



"TOULOUSE-LAUTREC": AN EXCEPTIONALLY IN-GENIOUS WORK. BY ANDRÉ GALTÉ, BRONZE, CAST 1951.



"E. S. G. ROBINSON": KEEPER OF COINS AND MEDALS, BRITISH MUSEUM, 1949-52. BY PAUL VINCZE, BRONZE, STRUCK 1952.



"THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ART SCHOOLS MEDAL": THE OBTUSE BY MRS. MARY GILICK, THE REVERSE (RIGHT) BY ERNEST GILICK, A.R.A. BRONZE, STRUCK 1937.



"JEAN BABELON": CONSERVATEUR EN CHEF DU CABINET DES MÉDAILLES. BY PAUL VINCZE, BRONZE, STRUCK 1954.



"FERDINAND THE CATHOLIC": BY RICARDO SALA. ONE OF THE SPANISH MEDALS SHOWN. BRONZE, STRUCK 1951.



"THE DYKES CLOSED": BY I. J. PIETERS. A DUTCH MEDAL AND ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING IN THE EXHIBITION, COMMEMORATING THE CLOSING OF THE DYKES, FEBRUARY 1953. BRONZE, CAST 1954 (OBTUSE AND REVERSE).



"THE CENTENARY OF LOUIS BRAILLE": BY ROBERT COUTURIER. OBTUSE AND REVERSE. BRONZE, STRUCK 1949.



(ABOVE.) "HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY": A DANISH MEDAL BY HARALD SALOMON. BRONZE, STRUCK 1930.

(RIGHT.) "FAI PRESTO, ARRIVANO!": A WITTY ITALIAN MEDAL, BY GIUSEPPE FERRARE. BRONZE, CAST 1955.

THE medals reproduced on this page are a selection from those currently exhibited at the Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, under the title "Exhibition of European Medals, 1930-1955," and held by the Royal Society of Arts in association with the Royal Numismatic Society and La Fédération Internationale des Editeurs des Médailles. This exhibition was opened on June 8 by Professor A. E. Richardson, P.R.A., after an introductory lecture on "The Art of the Modern Medal," by Dr. C. H. V. Sutherland, Deputy-Keeper of Coins, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Another lecture was arranged for June 28: "The Medal in Art and Society," by M. Jean Babelon, a portrait medal of whom is shown in the exhibition and reproduced on

(Continued opposite.



(ABOVE.) "WARRINGTON YORKE AND THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE": BY CARTER PRESTON. BRONZE, STRUCK 1944.



Continued.] this page. The exhibits include a technical exhibit by the Paris Mint; a collection of English Coronation and Jubilee Medals from the Royal Mint; and the medals of the Royal Society of Arts. But the principal feature is a selection of medals struck or cast in the years 1930 to 1955, in the following countries: Austria; Belgium; Denmark; Finland; France; Great Britain; Holland; Italy; Norway; Portugal; Spain; Sweden; and Switzerland. The largest exhibits were from Great Britain, France and Italy; and the works from the two latter countries were outstanding, both containing a number of examples cast (in the ancient way) rather than struck (in the modern way); and it is notable that this older, more difficult, slower and more costly way produces much finer medals. Admission is free between 10 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. on weekdays and Saturdays (on Wednesdays until 7 p.m.).





PARIS, you will be glad to learn, still stands where it did, and at this time of year provides more than its usual quota of delights. First, there is the exhibition of French paintings from David to Toulouse-Lautrec from American collections, to be seen at the Orangerie—illustrated in our last week's issue. Get there early in the morning if you can, for otherwise you may have to stand in a queue. When you do enter, you will marvel at the perspicacity of America in having so early appreciated the Impressionists, and when you stand before Renoir's "*Le Déjeuner des Canotiers*" ("The Boating Party at Lunch"), that



PRESENTED TO MARIE-ANTOINETTE BY THE CITY OF PARIS ON THE OCCASION OF THE BIRTH OF THE DAUPHIN, OCTOBER 22, 1781: A SMALL CHEST COVERED IN PAINTED TAFFETAS. (Height, 1 ft. 6½ ins.; Length, 2 ft. 3½ ins.) (Versailles Museum.) The white taffeta which covers this little chest is painted with allegorical, mythological and pastoral subjects. That on the cover depicts the newly-born child presented to France by the Graces; Minerva presiding; and Fame proclaiming the hopes of France.

enchancing evocation of a river picnic drenched with light, you will surely realise as never before that Renoir was the authentic descendant of both Chardin and Fragonard, for it is difficult to decide which part of the picture is better painted, the trees and the sunlight and the carefree figures, or the beautiful still life of the lunch table in the foreground.

How simple and close to earth, and at the same time how subtle the French can be!—a truism which came home to me again that same afternoon when I wandered through the gardens of the Luxembourg and found, amid the formal flower-beds and the statuary and the trees and the fountains, a carefully tended pear orchard, a sturdy, practical gesture to the earth gods which would have delighted Virgil. It is rather as if we put an apple orchard in the middle of St. James's Park, a notion which would, I imagine, meet with the disapproval of the authorities.

The second special exhibition I had time to visit was of a very different character, the Marie-Antoinette Exhibition at Versailles. This, I must admit, I approached with some trepidation: I feared, too many relics and too much sentimentality, for the whole tragic story lends itself easily enough to mawkish emotionalism. Instead, I found a fascinating picture of the Queen's progress from the fairyland of her early days down to the final disaster—a picture built up with rare sensitivity by means of nearly a thousand items, ranging from book-bindings to jewels, from paintings to furniture—things which she had owned, portraits of the people by whom she was surrounded, documents referring to her various activities—in short, a picture not merely of an individual, but of a whole epoch and its political and social background.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. "THE WIDOW CAPET."

By FRANK DAVIS.

We begin with a miniature of her as a baby a few days old and end with that dreadful and famous drawing by David (lent by the Louvre), drawn by him as she passed by in the tumbril—a haggard and exhausted old woman of thirty-eight: in between we see for ourselves the luxury and magnificence, the elegant, bright, brittle extravagance, the sombre decline to the dark nagging nightmare of the flight to Varennes, and the imprisonment of the Royal family in the Temple—all this in the palace she knew so well.

Many of the exhibits are, I imagine, never seen by the public, and chief among them I would place the *parure* of sapphires and diamonds lent by le Comte de Paris, which, after the execution of its original owner, was bought by Napoleon for Josephine, and then bought from the Empress, or her heirs, by the Duc d'Orléans and has remained in the family ever since. I can imagine nothing more splendid, but, indeed, the whole case of jewels makes an

indelible impression. The famous necklace, of course—the "*Collier de la Reine*," which caused so much scandal, though the Queen was wholly innocent—can only be shown in a replica, but a necklace composed of 22 diamonds out of the original 647 has been lent by the Duchess of Sutherland. You will remember that the original necklace was broken up by the two La Mottes and their accomplices and sold piecemeal.

Amid many portraits of the Austrian and French Royal Houses, which include the well-known portraits of Marie-Antoinette by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, are some interesting paintings of members of the Court and

of the various men who made furniture or designed buildings or composed music for her (Gluck, for example), and one which stands out among these not very distinguished performances—an unfinished portrait of the dancer Vestris, by Gainsborough (thought to have been left unfinished at his death in 1788). The owner remains anonymous, but whoever he may be, perhaps he will allow an English visitor to congratulate him on the possession of so fine a work.

But however splendid the jewels, however elaborate the furniture, however magnificent the tapestries, one is bound in this kind of exhibition to pay particular attention to those small items which bring the Queen to life as a woman, rather than as a royal personage. For example, a pair of scissors which she owned and



SAID TO BE A GIFT PRESENTED TO MARIE-ANTOINETTE BY THE CITY OF PARMA: A MICROSCOPE IN ORMOLU. (Height, 1 ft. 3½ ins.) (Sir Alfred Beit.)

This microscope in ormolu, of Italian workmanship, was made in Parma in 1772, and is said to be a gift presented to Marie-Antoinette by that city. It is on view at the Exhibition, "Marie-Antoinette, Archduchess, Dauphine and Queen," at the Château de Versailles, Paris, which Frank Davis discusses on this page.



(TOP PICTURE.) USED BY MARIE-ANTOINETTE WHEN SHE CAME TO FRANCE TO MARRY THE DAUPHIN, AFTERWARDS LOUIS XVI.: A TRAVELLING TRUNK OF TOOLED RED MOROCCO. (Versailles Museum.)

(LOWER PICTURE.) SHOWING THE LID RAISED AND THE FLAP LOWERED TO DISPLAY THE DRAWERS: ANOTHER VIEW OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE'S TRAVELLING TRUNK.

When the Archduchess Marie-Antoinette of Austria came to France in 1770 to marry the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., her *lingerie* was packed in the tooled red morocco trunk illustrated. It is on view at the Marie-Antoinette Exhibition in Paris which began in May and will continue until November 2.

gave away as a present. The knitting-needles she used when in prison—she did not have them with her and asked the Committee of Public Safety to allow her warder's daughter to fetch them from the Tuileries. The little coach built to give her eldest son an airing—a charming affair, painted with garlands of flowers. The fine trunk covered in tooled red leather, which was part of her luggage when she came from Vienna in 1770 to marry the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI. She was fifteen years old, and was greeted at Strasbourg in a specially-built pavilion hung with Gobelins tapestries after designs by de Troy.

A young man destined to become famous went to see the pavilion. The young man was Goethe and, in his memoirs, he expressed his horror that on such an occasion tapestries which told the story of Jason and Medea should have been chosen. These same tapestries are not the least splendid part of the exhibition, but not more impressive than the little prints and drawings which write finis to the story. The Royal family in prison, Louis XVI. on the scaffold, with the curious outburst beneath in the hand of J. L. Soult (the "Infamous Pitt it was your work and the King Louis XVI. knew it"), the King's farewell to his family, and the final scene when, in her turn, the Queen set foot on the scaffold on October 16, 1793.

It is scarcely necessary to add that, even if you are so constituted that you can remain unmoved by the personal tragedy of Marie-Antoinette, her husband and the little Dauphin, you have before you in this beautifully mounted exhibition a superb array of fine furniture, fine porcelain, etc., by the greatest craftsmen of the last years of the monarchy: for example, a wonderful clock lent by H.M. the Queen, and several pieces of furniture by Jacob and Riesener. Both public and private collections in Europe and America have given of their best.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE TREASURES
AND RELICS: AT VERSAILLES.



FROM MARIE-ANTOINETTE'S BOUDOIR AT FONTAINEBLEAU: A BUREAU À CYLINDRE OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL MARQUETERIE WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS BY RIESENER. (Monsieur Bissey.)



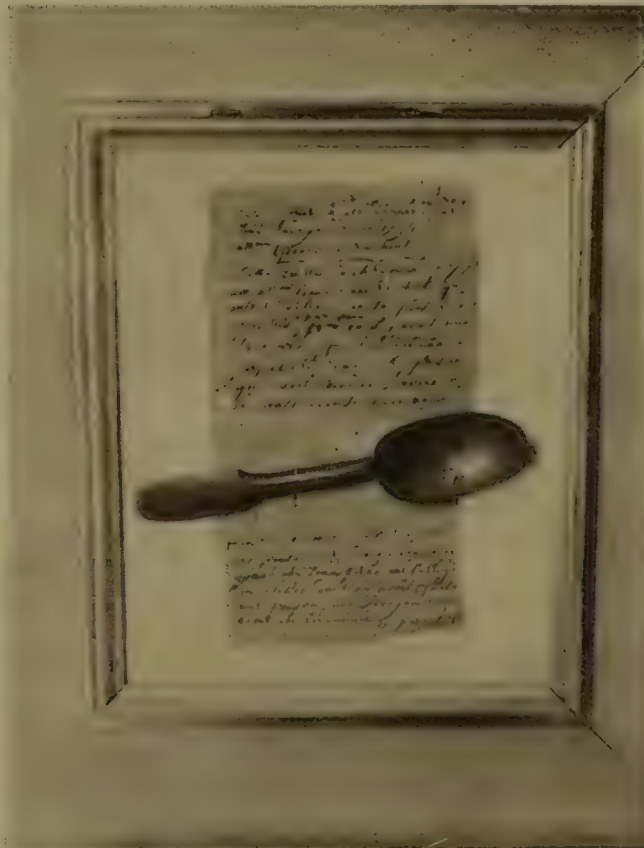
PRESENTED TO MARIE-ANTOINETTE ON HER MARRIAGE, BY HER MOTHER, THE EMPRESS MARIA-THERESA: A SALVER MADE AT AUGSBURG IN 1770, BY GUILLAUME-MICHEL RAUNER.



PRESENTED TO MARIE-ANTOINETTE BY THE CITY OF PARIS: A CABINET FOR JEWELS BY SCHWERDFEGER, MEDALLIONS BY DEGAULT, ORMOLU MOUNTS BY THOMIRE.



GIVEN TO THE PAINTER L. A. BRUN TO ASSIST HIM: ONE OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE'S BOOTS, WHICH SHE IS SHOWN WEARING IN BRUN'S EQUESTRIAN GROUP.



USED BY MARIE-ANTOINETTE WHEN SHE WAS IN PRISON IN THE CONCIERGERIE: A SPOON OF BOXWOOD—PURCHASED FROM THE SERVANT OF THE QUEEN BY MME. GRAVIS. (M. Bataillon.)



MADE FOR ONE OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE'S DOGS: A "KENNEL" COVERED IN BLUE VELVET TO STAND IN A SALON. (M. Richard Penard y Fernandez.)



WITH GARLANDS OF FLOWERS PAINTED ON THE ROSE-COLOURED PANELS: A MINIATURE COACH USED BY THE DAUPHIN, ELDEST SON OF LOUIS XVI. (Versailles Museum.)



USED BY THE DAUPHIN FOR DRIVES IN THE PARK OF SAINT-CLOUD: A LITTLE GOAT-CARRIAGE; DISCOVERED IN 1854 IN AN OUTBUILDING AT SAINT-CLOUD. (Private collection.)

On our opposite page Frank Davis discusses the exhibition, "Marie-Antoinette, Archduchess, Dauphine and Queen" at Versailles, and refers to it as "a fascinating picture of the Queen's progress from the fairyland of her early days down to the final disaster—a picture built up with rare sensitivity by means of nearly a thousand items . . ."; and on this page we further illustrate the display. The exhibits range from splendid works of art to touching relics. The central subject depicted on the salver presented by the Empress Maria-Theresa to her daughter Marie-Antoinette

on her marriage, May 10, 1770, shows France and Austria standing with hands joined before Apollo, and the salver also bears the arms of bride and bridegroom as Archduchess and Dauphin. The boot belonging to Marie-Antoinette was given, with a complete costume, to the painter Louis-Auguste Brun to assist him, and the Queen is shown wearing the boot in an equestrian group by Brun in the exhibition. The magnificence of the furniture and jewels is in poignant contrast with the boxwood spoon used by the Queen when in prison.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE EARS.

ONE of the first things I noticed about *Jennie* when I made her close acquaintance was her ears. They interested me especially for two reasons. In the first place, they are large and have an intrinsic beauty to which a photograph cannot do justice. In the second place, I wanted to study animal ears at close quarters. For some time now, in talking to lay audiences, I have expressed the view that it is possible to make a gross assessment of the habits of an animal merely by examining the visible structure of its sense-organs. Although I have put forward this view with seeming confidence, there has always been the lurking doubt that I may have been misleading my listeners. I have felt this especially in regard to the ears, because these organs so often, in addition to serving as organs of hearing, help to ventilate the body. It may sometimes be that large size in ears

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

semi-translucent and extremely mobile, giving an immediate impression of being highly sensitised. They are always on the move, turning simultaneously to the front or diverging to the sides, so that the gap between their inner margins, as measured across the forehead, is constantly altering. At such times, one has the impression that the ears are focusing, or perhaps, more strictly, using a triangulation for judging direction and distance.

Another feature of the use of the ears is the way both of them can be swung round to the rear, presumably to detect and locate sounds from behind without turning the head.

In addition to their simultaneous use as a pair, the ears are as often used independently, the one swinging to the side or the rear, while the other is facing to the front. So, as one watches the animal's head, the ears are constantly on the move, swinging this way and that, curving down or stretching full upwards, as if to give their possessor a continuous record, a sound-picture, so to speak, of its immediate environment.

The next remarkable feature is that the ears are continuously quivering, not in an even or regular manner such as we might associate with a shivering due to cold or nervous excitement, but an irregular quivering which seems to coincide with the variety of sounds reaching them. This can best be exemplified by the following. I have formed the habit of making a particular sound when visiting any of the occupants of our small menagerie. It is a clucking with the tongue against the roof of the mouth just behind the front teeth, the sort of sound that is usually represented by tch-tch-tch, although this is really quite inadequate to describe it. When, now, I face *Jennie* at close quarters, making a long series of these clucking sounds, I notice her ears vibrating in perfect time with the sounds. Moreover, the amplitude of the movement of the ear-flap rises and falls as I make the sounds louder or softer.

There are therefore the two components in the use of the ears, the gross movements for

searching and locating and the minute movements, the quiverings, which are continuous, even when complete silence reigns, and which are synchronised with the sounds when these occur. Then comes a further interesting point. Although the gross movements of the ears may cease when she is asleep, the quivering does not. Although active from about 5 p.m. until the following morning, and sleeping during what is for us the active part of the day, I have never yet caught *Jennie* asleep. No matter how gently one approaches her sleeping-box, her eyes will be open and her head raised in an attitude of watchfulness. On the other hand, once she has identified you, she will lower her head, her eyelids will slowly droop and, after having raised them two or three times as if to reassure herself, she will keep the eyes closed. So far as one can tell she is asleep, but the gentle quivering of the ears, so very reminiscent of the action of an insect's antennæ, goes on. Putting together the fact that she cannot



NEVER CAUGHT NAPPING: *JENNIE*, WHO, DURING HER SLEEPING HOURS, LOOKS UP AT EVEN THE QUIETEST APPROACH. HAVING IDENTIFIED HER OWNERS SHE CLOSES HER EYES SLOWLY, BUT HER EARS REMAIN ON DUTY.



WITH BRILLIANT EYES AND AN ALMOST FOX-LIKE MUZZLE SUGGESTING AN ACUTE SENSE OF SMELL: THE GENET, WHOSE OUTSTANDING FEATURE IS A PAIR OF LARGE EARS, BEAUTIFULLY PINK AND SEMI-TRANSLUCENT AND OF DELICATE TEXTURE. THE EARS ARE CONSTANTLY MOVING, IN UNISON OR INDEPENDENTLY, IN ALL DIRECTIONS. IN ADDITION, THEY ARE CONTINUOUSLY QUIVERING.

is not so much a sign of acute hearing as of a large surface for the radiation of body heat.

In this matter, as so often happens, discussion can be bedevilled by a variety of meanings to one single word. When, in everyday conversation, we speak of the ear, we mean the flap or fold of skin on either side of the head. That is, however, only a part of the organ of hearing. It is the part which receives the sound-waves and directs them on to the ear-drum. From that point, the energy from the waves is transmitted through the bones of the middle ear, and of the inner ear, and thence across the auditory nerve to the brain. The real organ of hearing is therefore the internal ear; the external ear, also known as the pinna or conch, has apparently the function of trapping the sound-waves. There is an absence in most birds of anything resembling an external ear, although they have acute hearing. And there are earless seals, and other mammals without external ears, that can still hear well, but in these the structures represented by the normal pinna are internal. To what extent, then, can the external ear function in the act of hearing; and are we justified in assessing the acuteness of hearing by its size?

Our pet genet, already referred to in my opening sentence by her nickname, helped to throw a little light on this problem. Her ears are, as I have said, large in proportion to the head, and although the whole face is alert, the muzzle foxlike and doubtless housing a keen sense of smell, there can be little doubt that hearing is to a genet the most important of the senses. Although large, the ears are delicate in texture and colour,



FULLY ALERT: *JENNIE*, THE GENET, READY FOR ACTION.
Photographs by Neave Parker.

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be caught napping, and that when she does, so far as we can see, go fully to sleep, the ears continue to quiver, it is reasonable to assume that the quivering continues throughout sleep and that the ears do not fully rest, whatever the remaining senses may do.

It is well-nigh impossible for us, who rely so very much on the use of the eyes, to appreciate what so complete a use of the sense of hearing means. It is difficult, in other words, for us to relate a visual picture to a sound picture or convert the terms of one into the terms of the other. Moreover, being unversed in the science of acoustics, I find it difficult to understand precisely the function of the quivering action. On the other hand, I am fully satisfied that, in this instance, large and mobile ears denote an acute, very delicate and highly-efficient sense of hearing, even if, at the same time, these same ears do perform the additional task of providing a large surface for the radiation of body-heat. Nature usually "contrives a double debt to pay": in this instance, a thermostat and extremely good organs of hearing.

I was interested to see how *Jennie*, when out in the garden, picked up the sound of an approaching motor-bicycle and followed it with both ears cocked, moving her head in perfect timing with the movement of the vehicle. As the motor-bicycle drew opposite us the rider changed gears, with an appalling explosive sound. Immediately, *Jennie's* ears were turned to the rear, presumably to cut out the excessive noise.

Lucky *Jennie*.

A HELICOPTER ON MONT BLANC, AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS OF SEA AND AIR.



A "FLYING TEST-BED" IN FLIGHT: A VICKERS VARSITY FITTED WITH TWO NAPIER ELAND TURBOPROP ENGINES AND FILLED WITH INTRICATE RESEARCH EQUIPMENT. It has been recently reported that British European Airways' fleet of *Elizabethans* may in due course be entirely re-engined with Napier *Eland* turboprops; and it is of interest to recall that this engine has been during the last two years extensively tested, especially in a Vickers *Varsity*, which has been used as a "flying test-bed." During the tests the engines have several times been successfully "re-lit" at a variety of heights.



LAUNCHED AT HARLAND AND WOLFF'S BELFAST SHIPYARD ON JUNE 7: THE 19,350-TON PASSENGER AND CARGO LINER, *REINA DEL MAR*.

The *Reina del Mar* has been built for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and will join the *Reina del Pacifico* in regular service from Europe to the West Indies and Pacific South America. She is designed on modern lines and will have a single streamlined funnel. She is fitted with Denny-Brown stabilisers and has accommodation for 201 first-class passengers, 218 cabin-class and 343 tourist class; and there are five cargo holds. The launching and naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Bowes.



BELIEVED TO BE THE LAST SQUARE-RIGGED SHIP TO FLY THE RED ENSIGN: THE *CAP PILAR*, FOR WHICH AN APPEAL HAS BEEN LAUNCHED. An attempt is being made, it is reported, to raise a fund of £25,000 to repair and make seaworthy the *Cap Pilar*, which is said to be the last square-rigged ship to fly the Red Ensign. She is at present lying derelict at Wivenhoe; and the project is, if she is repaired, to take her to various yachting headquarters so that members may have an opportunity of manning an old-fashioned sailing-ship. She could also be used to provide training facilities for Sea Scouts and other youth organisations.



A FRENCH JET FIGHTER WHICH HAS BROKEN THE SOUND BARRIER IN CLIMBING FLIGHT: THE S.O. 9000 *TRIDENT*, FITTED WITH TWO TURBOJETS AND ONE ROCKET MOTOR.

The *Trident*, which, it has been now announced, has broken the sound barrier both in dives and in climbing flight, is made by the S.N.C.A.S.O. at Toulouse, and is a research fighter and has jet engines at the wing-tips and an S.E.P.R. rocket motor in the rear fuselage. Its first flight with the additional rocket power was in September 1954.



A HELICOPTER ON MONT BLANC: M. JEAN MOINE WITH HIS AMERICAN BELL 47-G HELICOPTER, IN WHICH HE LANDED ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

On June 6 M. J. Moine landed his helicopter on the summit of Mont Blanc (15,782 ft.) and was the first airman to do so. It is believed to be the highest helicopter landing, the previous record being made by a Frenchman who landed on the Jungfrau (13,653 ft.). Taking off from Le Fayet, M. Moine, who had an Alpine guide as a passenger, reached the summit in about 27 minutes.



AGROUND ON A SANDBANK NEAR FLEETWOOD: THE ISLE OF MAN HOLIDAY STEAMER, *MONA'S ISLE*. SHE WAS REFLOATED LATER IN THE SAME DAY.

On June 8, five minutes after leaving Fleetwood with 360 passengers the 2491-ton *Mona's Isle* collided with a 40-ft. fishing-boat and went aground on a sandbank. Of the three men in the fishing-boat (which was cut in two), two swam ashore and the other died on reaching hospital. Some of the passengers were taken off by lifeboat; and in the afternoon the steamer was refloated by three tugs.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



RESIGNING AS THE LIBERAL PEERS' LEADER: LORD SAMUEL.

Lord Samuel, who is eighty-four, has relinquished the leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords, which he has held for the past fourteen years. His general health is described as "good," and he hopes to be present in the House from time to time.



NEW JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: MR. HARUHIKO NISHI.

Mr. Haruhiko Nishi arrived in this country by air on June 10. The first Japanese Ambassador to Australia since the war, when he left Sydney, Mr. Casey, Minister for External Affairs, paid tribute to his untiring work for closer Australian-Japanese relations.



A ROYAL TOURNAMENT WINNER: SQDN. OFFICER PEGGY POTTER, W.R.A.F.

On June 7 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother presented the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup to Sqdn. Officer Peggy Potter, W.R.A.F., winner of the Prince of Wales's Cup Jumping Competition at the Royal Tournament. This is the first time that a woman has won the competition.



TO BE U.K. AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO: MR. H. TREVELYAN.

Mr. Humphrey Trevelyan, who is forty-nine and has been Chargé d'Affaires in Peking since 1953, has been appointed Ambassador to Egypt in succession to Sir Ralph Stevenson, who is retiring soon from the Foreign Service. He joined the Foreign Service in 1947.



CELEBRATING HIS MAJORITY THIS WEEK: KING SIMEON OF BULGARIA.

King Simeon of Bulgaria was born on June 16, 1937, and thus attained his majority (eighteen years) this week. He succeeded his father, the late King Boris III., in 1943, and reigned until 1946. He now lives in exile in Madrid with his mother, Queen Giovanna, sister of King Umberto of Italy; but he has never renounced his rights.



DIED ON JUNE 10 AGED SEVENTY-SIX: PROF. D. B. BLACKLOCK.

Professor of Tropical Hygiene University of Liverpool and Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine for twenty-one years, Professor Blacklock died on June 10, aged seventy-six. He was Director of the Sir Alfred Lewis Jones Research Laboratory in Sierra Leone, 1921-29.



GOVERNOR-GEN. OF SOUTH AFRICA, FOR ANOTHER TERM: DR. E. G. JANSEN.

Dr. Jansen's term as Governor-General of South Africa has been extended for five years. When first appointed in September 1950 he was the first Republican and first supporter of Dr. Malan to accept a Royal appointment since the country was first united.



FEDERAL GERMAN MINISTER OF DEFENCE: HERR THEODOR BLANK.

Herr Theodor Blank is the first Minister of Defence in the Federal German Republic. Aged forty-nine, he is a leading Trade Unionist and a Christian Democratic member of the Bundestag. He has been Defence Commissioner since 1950.



NEW FEDERAL GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER: DR. VON BRENTANO.

Dr. von Brentano is the first Federal German Foreign Minister other than the Chancellor. One of the founders of the Christian Democratic Party in Hesse, he is the present leader of the party. He was a member of the Committee which drafted the Federal Constitution.



GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS: THE PRIME WARDEN OF THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY PRESENTING A SILVER BOWL TO THE WARDEN OF THE COLLEGE.

The University of London Goldsmiths' College Jubilee celebrations from June 4-11 included the Jubilee dinner and Foundation Oration. Sir Henry Tizard, Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company, presented a silver bowl from the Company to the Warden of the College, Dr. D. R. Chesterman.



WITH THE PRIMATE: (L. TO R.) ASSISTANT BISHOP TO THE BISHOP OF THE UPPER NILE; BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF FULHAM; SUFFRAGAN BISHOP OF TEWKESBURY.

On June 11 the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated at St. Paul's Cathedral the Rev. Canon R. Wright Stopford, Bishop Suffragan of Fulham; the Rev. J. K. Russell, Assistant Bishop to the Bishop of the Upper Nile, and the Rev. E. B. Henderson, Suffragan Bishop of Tewkesbury.



AFTER SETTING UP A NEW ALTITUDE RECORD FOR HELICOPTERS: M. JEAN BOULET (LEFT) BEING CONGRATULATED.

Five days before the opening of the 1955 Paris International Aeronautical Exhibition at Le Bourget on June 10, a new French aircraft, the SE-3130 *Alouette II*, jet-powered helicopter, piloted by M. Jean Boulet, set up a new altitude record of 8260 metres (about 27,100 ft.) for helicopters. The previous altitude record for helicopters was held by a Sikorsky S-59 at 24,400 ft.



SETTING UP A NEW BEST BRITISH PERFORMANCE: C. J. CHATAWAY WINNING THE 2000 METRES.

On June 11 C. J. Chataway won the invitation 2000 metres race at the Oxford and Cambridge *versus* Yale and West Point athletics match at the White City in 5 mins. 9.4 secs. This was two-fifths of a second faster than the previous best British performance by Gordon Pirie, and two-fourths of a second behind G. Reiff's world record set up at Brussels in 1948.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF SIAM: FIELD MARSHAL PIBULSONGGRAM WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

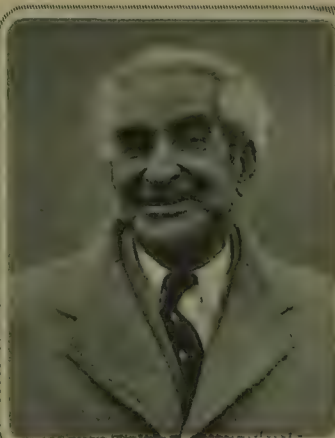
Field Marshal Pibulsonggram, accompanied by his wife, Tan Poo-ying La-lad Pibulsonggram, and his daughter, arrived in England on June 7 for an official visit. He was entertained at lunch by the Queen on June 8 and his engagements included a visit to Sandhurst, a reception at Lancaster House, and visits to Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Macmillan.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS: SOME RECIPIENTS OF AWARDS.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR :
MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS.**

Mr. Goossens receives his honour for his services to music, particularly in Australia. He is well known as a virtuoso, composer and conductor. He has been resident conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra since 1947.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR : MR. BUSTAMANTE.

Mr. W. A. Bustamante, who receives a knighthood in the Overseas Territories List, is aged seventy-one. Jamaican Labour leader and statesman, he was Jamaica's first Chief Minister. After ten years in office he and his Labour Party were defeated last January and thus lost control of the House of Representatives.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR : CAPT. THOMPSON.

The Master of the *Queen Elizabeth*, Captain C. Ivan Thompson, aged sixty, has been Commodore of the Cunard Line since 1954. He commanded the *Queen Mary* when H.M. *Queen Elizabeth* the Queen Mother travelled in her to the United States last November.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR : MR. EMRYS WILLIAMS.

Secretary-General of the Arts Council since 1951, Mr. Emrys Williams is Chief Editor of Penguin Books. Born in 1896, he was Director, Bureau of Current Affairs, 1946-51, and of the Army Bureau of Current Affairs, 1941-45. He is the author of "Learn and Live," "Plain Prose" and other books.



APPOINTED A COMPANION OF HONOUR : MR. HENRY MOORE.

The distinguished sculptor, born 1898, Mr. Moore is represented in public galleries at home and abroad. Official war artist, 1940-42, he has been a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission since 1947, and is a Trustee of the Tate Gallery.



APPOINTED C.V.O. :

MR. HENRY RUSHBURY, R.A. Keeper of the Royal Academy since 1949, Mr. Henry Rushbury is a distinguished draughtsman, who is represented in public galleries and museums in London, Birmingham, Liverpool and elsewhere. He was elected A.R.A. in 1927 and R.A. in 1936.



CREATED A BARON :

SIR ARNOLD McNAIR, Q.C. Until lately President and United Kingdom Judge, International Court of Justice at The Hague. He was Vice-Chancellor, Liverpool University, 1937-45; and Professor of Comparative Law in the University of Cambridge, 1945-46.



CREATED A BARON :

MR. RALPH ASSHETON. A Conservative M.P. for twenty-one years who did not stand for re-election last month. He was Financial Secretary, H.M. Treasury, 1943-44; and chairman of the Conservative and Unionist Party Organisation from 1944-46.



CREATED A BARON :

MR. M. MCCORQUODALE. Conservative M.P. for Sowerby, 1931-45, and Epsom, 1947-55, but did not stand for re-election in May. He was Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1942-45. He is chairman of McCorquodale and Co., Ltd.



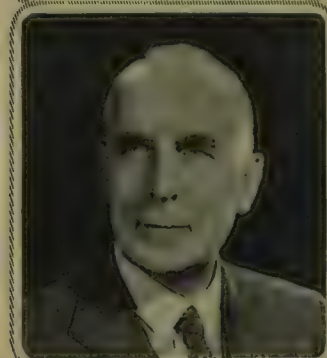
CREATED A BARON :

SIR GEOFFREY HEYWORTH. Has been chairman of Unilever, Ltd., since 1942 and was created a Knight Bachelor in 1948. He was a member of the Royal Commission on Taxation of Profits and Income, 1951. He is a part-time member of the National Coal Board.



DESIGNATED A G.B.E. :

SIR WILLIAM E. ROOTES. Sir William E. Rootes, K.B.E., chairman of the Dollar Exports Council, is a leading figure in the motor manufacturing world. He is chairman of Rootes Ltd. and Associated Companies, of Thrupp and Maberly, Sunbeam-Talbot, Humber, and other companies.



DESIGNATED A K.B.E. :

SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES. Astronomer Royal since 1933, Sir Harold received the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1943, the Bruce Gold Medal, Astronomical Society of the Pacific, in 1948, and many other awards for his contributions to the science of astronomy.



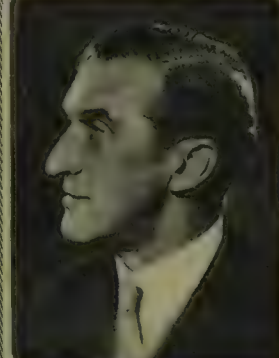
**CREATED A BARONET :
SIR ROBERT CARY.**

Has been Conservative M.P. for the Withington Division of Manchester since 1951, and was appointed P.P.S. to the Lord Privy Seal in 1952. He was previously M.P. for Eccles from 1935-45; and a Government Whip, 1944-45.



**CREATED A BARONET :
HIS HONOUR**

G. C. WILLIAMS, Q.C. Honoured for his public services in Carmarthenshire, of which he was Lord Lieutenant from 1949-53. He is a Governor of University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. He was Judge of County Courts on Circuit 30 (Glamorgan), 1935-48.



**CREATED A BARONET :
MR. WILLIAM SNADDEN.**

Was Conservative M.P. for Kinross and West Perth from 1938-55, and Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Scotland from 1951-55. He is a farmer and stockbreeder, and during the recent war was chairman of the Livestock Export Group.



**CREATED A BARONET :
SIR GEORGE NELSON.**

Has been chairman and managing director of the English Electric Co. Ltd. since 1933. He was President of the Federation of British Industries, 1943-44 and 1944-45, and was created a Knight Bachelor in 1943.



**DESIGNATED A D.B.E. :
MISS IRENE WARD.**

The recipient of the only D.B.E. awarded in the Birthday Honours, Miss Ward has been a Member of Parliament for many years, and was re-elected Conservative Member for Tynemouth at the recent election. She received the C.B.E. in 1929.



DESIGNATED A K.C.V.O. :

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, DR. WAND. Dr. J. W. C. Wand, who is seventy, was enthroned as Bishop of London in 1945. He announced on April 23 that he had requested and been granted leave to retire. He was Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1943-45.



**APPOINTED A C.B.E. :
MR. ALEC GUINNESS.**

Famous as a stage actor who has taken leading rôles in modern comedies as well as classical drama, and as the star of many notable films, Mr. Guinness was born in 1914. His professional career began in 1933. He served in the Royal Navy in World War II.



**APPOINTED A C.B.E. :
DR. ROGER BANNISTER.**

Dr. Bannister raised British athletics to perhaps its highest pinnacle when he became the first man to run the mile in under four minutes, a feat which he achieved at Oxford in 1954. He is now a Doctor of Medicine.



APPOINTED A C.B.E. :

MR. FLEETWOOD C. PRITCHARD. The founder and chairman of the well-known advertising firm of Pritchard, Wood and Partners, Mr. Pritchard is chairman of the National Publicity Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.



APPOINTED A C.B.E. :

PROFESSOR K. A. C. CRESWELL. For service to the study of Muslim architecture and archaeology. He was Professor of Muslim Art and Archaeology at the Egyptian University, 1931-51. He is the author of a number of books and a contributor to various learned journals.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PEACE AND WAR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN the curtain falls on "Tiger at the Gates" (Apollo) Trojan and Greek are gladly at each other's throats in the war that will last for ten years. And when the curtain rises on "The Lost Generation" (Garrick) the voice of Neville Chamberlain is broadcasting upon the morning of Sunday, September 3, 1939; we know that the five years war has begun, and that the sirens will be singing a song Homer never guessed.

A warlike world, then; but, for nearly all of Jean Giraudoux's play, translated by Christopher Fry, we are uneasily at peace. The tiger prowls outside the gates of Troy; for the moment it is checked. Giraudoux devotes the night to showing that nothing can save peace if the Fates have ordained that there must be war. He wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties from a France disillusioned and pessimistic; and "Tiger at the Gates" (its original title was "*La Guerre de Troie n'Aura pas Lieu*") is a clear mirror of its time.

For my part, I would like to see the Trojan war without any overlay of bitter irony. Troy, Ilium, is one of the great romantic names. One thinks of it in a world of its own. Antonio, in "The Tempest" (which I have also heard this week), has a summoning line, often overlooked. He speaks of Claribel of Tunis as "she that dwells ten leagues beyond man's life." And that is how I like to imagine Troy: behind the sunset, ten leagues beyond man's life, not a place that must be used inevitably for modern satire, topical irony, a mere shell for a modern dramatist to fill.

That said, I agree that "Tiger at the Gates" is the best of the more-or-less contemporary adventures in Troy. It takes time to gather for the spring. The first half-hour lags along; then, suddenly, there is the pounce-and-thrust of an urgent debating dramatist. The conflict is largely in the mind; treated as Giraudoux treats it, and clothed as aptly as it is in Christopher Fry's English text, the debate becomes kindling theatre. One forgets, while it is on, to mourn for the great Homeric tales, for the flowering meadows of the Scamander and the plains of Troy.

Hector, as Giraudoux sees him, is a warrior who seeks for peace. He has returned triumphant from battle; but his one wish is to close the symbolic Gates of War (as he does with an oration to the dead) and to see that they do not open again. True, his brother Paris has run off with Argive Helen, Menelaus' queen, but the business can be despatched without loss of honour. Hector works furiously to save his city from conflict, while the Greeks (we suppose) gather already on the ringing plains, and without the six gates the tiger prowls. Almost, Hector achieves his end. He meets Ulysses of Ithaca in conference, and he persuades the sagest of the Greeks to see reason in his argument. Peace is nearly won. Then from a blue sky the lightning leaps. Ten minutes, no more, and battle is joined. Hector, involuntarily, is himself the cause—Giraudoux does not spare his irony—and, at the last, the Gates of War slide open again. Behind them are Helen and Paris in each other's arms. It is Troy's fate, Troy's legend. And it will be Troy's doom:

Perished all joy,
Perished light Helen's hair,
The lovers at the wall,
The citadel in air,
The sprinkled flowers;
Only a name is ours, a forlorn fame.
Repeat its royal name...

Nothing would have averted the war. Words matter little, says Giraudoux in effect, if men's hearts are set on another course. Helen will serve for an excuse as well as anything; let it be, then, a fight for Argive Helen instead of a war for war's sake. Helen

herself is a creature without pity. She may be the poet's "heaven-born Helen"; in Giraudoux's eyes, and ours, she is just a cold, heartless minx who has a gift for reading the future, but who cares not the slightest for what she reads. All that, she argues, lies



"SET IN A TROY ON THE VERGE OF WAR, IT IS AN ESSAY IN THE IRONICAL-TRAGIC, FINELY TRANSLATED NOW BY CHRISTOPHER FRY": JEAN GIRAUDOUX'S PLAY "TIGER AT THE GATES" (APOLLO), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH HECTOR (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) AND HELEN (DIANE CILENTO).

ahead. She wants the present hour, and surely it is something to be wooed in Troy and to be the centre of immortal conflict. Hector can spend his entreaties, his arguments, in vain. This Helen may seem to yield, but she is marble, a "wall of negation." Diane Cilento is decorative and understanding. Still, can any actress, I wonder, fulfil the traditional picture of Helen, suggest the glories of that wanton summer queen?

Michael Redgrave is recognisably the Homeric Hector. He is also Giraudoux's Hector, the pleader for peace, anxious to lay aside the sword. It is an eloquent, splendidly-ordered performance. The actor can now seize the house at his first appearance: the days when we would wait for Redgrave to grow into his part are over. There is a run of accomplished work by players who—and this is important—can speak as well as they act. Among the actresses are Catherine Lacey, stabbing home every phrase as Hecuba, Barbara Jefford in the emotion of Andromache, Leucen MacGrath in the candour of Cassandra. The actors include Walter Fitzgerald as Ulysses, wisest of the Greeks; Christopher Rhodes, as the beef-witted Ajax; and Nicholas Hannen, as the uncertain Priam. Only Leo Ciceri's Paris disappointed me: he is all too Hollywoodian. That, presumably, is the character of this playboy-Trojan; but there is surely something more in Paris, and we do not get it. Harold Clurman, after a groping start, has produced impressively; Loudon Sainthill's costumes are better than his harsh, jagged sets, though these, perhaps, match Giraudoux's jagged philosophy.

"The Lost Generation" (Garrick) proves, I fear, that sincerity unaided is not enough in the theatre: an old tale. Patricia Hollender takes a cynical young fighter-pilot, fresh from Cambridge, and shows how he learns to add understanding to gallantry; how, after being disfigured in a crash and losing his comrades

in the Battle of Britain, he insists upon returning to the air, knowing at last for what he fights. Theatrically, the piece is unsophisticated; Miss Hollender has nothing new to say about anyone or anything, but at times she can recite the platitudes with so much sincerity that one accepts them afresh. In such a play as this, sophisticated glibness would have been intolerable. Miss Hollender has taken the better path, and her cast—Nora Swinburne as the pilot's mother, Michael Brill as the pilot, Leslie Phillips as his buoyant friend (the most professionally-devised part)—can now and then put a gloss upon scenes that might have embarrassed us.

From Troy and the Battle of Britain we reach Prospero's island. I advise all who care for the matchless creation of "The Tempest" to hear how in the summer night, Robert Eddison speaks the verse of Prospero—this is nobly done—and to see again how Robert Atkins, ruler of the Open Air

Theatre, shows Caliban's struggle to comprehend he knows not what: the first dawning of a new day in the mind of the ape-man, the savage son of Sycorax. This, with its slow fumbling for speech, is the most consistent and intelligible Caliban I remember. David William, himself a former O.U.D.S. actor of excellence, has produced with the proper fantasy, though I cannot see why the Ariel (spoken with feeling by James Maxwell) should look like a skeleton Prospero, or, when veiled, like Miss Havisham brooding over her wedding breakfast. Never mind: there is enough of "The Tempest" here to delight us during the lapse of a June evening as birdsong dies and light strengthens upon the great turf stage. Here, too, is a play that lies ten leagues beyond man's life.



"AFTER A SEASON'S ABSENCE, ROBERT ATKINS HAS RESUMED HIS REGENT'S PARK ADVENTURE": THE SCENE AT THE OPENING NIGHT OF SHAKESPEARE'S "THE TEMPEST," AT THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN REGENT'S PARK ON JUNE 1.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE LOST GENERATION" (Garrick).—For all its naïveté, its ribbon of platitude, Patricia Hollender's play of the Battle of Britain has a sincerity that gets us through some trying scenes. Nora Swinburne, Michael Brill, and Leslie Phillips have the right approach; and the play, however faulty in practice, does keep our respect for its good intentions. (June 1.)

"THE TEMPEST" (Open Air Theatre).—After a season's absence, Robert Atkins has resumed his Regent's Park adventure; the theatre has its old beauty as night steals upon it. Again it is a pleasure to meet Mr. Atkins's own Caliban, the savage who feels the dim stirrings of a wider life; Robert Eddison's voice can encompass the majestic verse of Prospero. David William, formerly an O.U.D.S. Prospero, has produced, and one disagrees with him only in the presentation of a fleshless Ariel who looks like some skeleton Death. (June 1; seen June 3.)

"TIGER AT THE GATES" (Apollo).—Jean Giraudoux wrote this play in 1935, and it is obviously of its period, disillusioned and bitter. Set in a Troy on the verge of war, it is an essay in the ironical-tragic, finely translated now by Christopher Fry. Hector the peace-maker, longing to see the Gates of War closed for ever; finds that man is powerless against fate, and that Helen (who has come down the centuries as the cause of the long conflict) is merely a pretext for the fight. The tiger is at the gates; Troy is only too anxious to open to the tiger. Michael Redgrave, at his most eloquent, can burnish Hector; and I have named on this page the other players who sustain a piece that grows in stature with the night. It will leave romantics unsatisfied—too many liberties are taken in the great name of Troy—but it is, on its own level, a haunting, bitter invention. (June 2.)

PORTRAITURE: PTOLEMAIC CONTEMPORARY IMPRESSIONIST, 16TH AND 18TH CENTURY.



(ABOVE.)
"MR. ARTHUR JEFFRESS";
BY GRAHAM SUTHERLAND
(B. 1903), A CONTEMPORARY
ENGLISH PORTRAIT. ON VIEW
AT ARTHUR JEFFRESS (PIC-
TURES). (57 by 48 ins.)

THE examples of por-
traiture reproduced
on this page range over
a wide field in time and
style. Mr. Graham Suther-
land's "Arthur Jeffress"
is the latest portrait to be
completed by that dis-
tinguished contemporary
artist, who has painted
Lord Beaverbrook, Mr.
Somerset Maugham and
Sir Winston Churchill.
William Owen's "Lady
Beaumont," an impres-
sive example of English
eighteenth-century por-
traiture, has been pur-
chased with the Felton
Bequest for the National
Gallery, Melbourne, Aus-
tralia. The French
Impressionist portrait of
Georges Pissarro by

(Continued below, centre.)



(ABOVE.)
"GEORGES PISSARRO"; BY
CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-
1903), AN IMPRESSIONIST
PORTRAIT C. 1880. AT THE
MARLBOROUGH FINE ART.
(Oil on canvas; 18½ by
15 ins.)

Continued.]
Camille Pissarro is on view
in the Pissarro and Sisley
Exhibition at the Marl-
borough Fine Art in aid
of the Save the Children
Fund and Youth Aliyah.
The Egyptian portrait is
on the stall of Spink and
Son at the Antique
Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor
House. The portrait of a
Knight of the Order of
St. Michel by Salviati
was presumably painted
in France during the
artist's stay there in
1554-55.

(LEFT.)
"HEAD OF AN OFFICIAL IN
PROFILE, ANCIENT EGYPTIAN
TRIALPIECE" IN LIMESTONE:
A PTOLEMAIC PORTRAIT. AT
SPINK AND SON'S STALL,
ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR.
(Height, 7½ ins.)



"LADY BEAUMONT"—AGED NINETY; BY WILLIAM OWEN, R.A. (1769-1825).
AN ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAIT. PURCHASED WITH THE FELTON
BEQUEST FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY, MELBOURNE. AT COLNAGHI'S. (84 by 53½ ins.)



"A KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHEL"; BY FRANCESCO SALVIATI
(1510-1563). PRESUMABLY PAINTED IN FRANCE. ON VIEW AT COLNAGHI'S.
(Panel; 20 by 14½ ins.)

FINDING ITS REFUGE IN STRANGE PLACES: THE ADAPTABILITY OF THE HERMIT CRAB.



DESPERATELY SEEKING A PROTECTIVE HOME, THE HERMIT CRAB FINDS AN EMPTY BOTTLE, TO THE FLOOR OF WHICH IT ADHERES FIRMLY BY A SUCTION PAD AT ITS VULNERABLE REAR. (INSET, RIGHT.) EXPOSED AND PRACTICALLY DEFENCELESS, THIS HOMELESS HERMIT HUNTS INSTINCTIVELY FOR REFUGE.

UNLIKE other crabs, the hermit crab does not fold its soft-skinned abdomen back against the underside of the carapace, or upper shell, for this exists only in the well-armoured front part, the head, shoulders, claws and legs. The soft tail or abdomen is easily bitten off by hungry fish, and the hermit must therefore seek protection for his vulnerable portions. Normally, it will back into the shells of molluscs, attaching itself to the rear of such shells by a suction pad at its end, and, once installed, it is difficult to eject. Round the shores of Britain the chief

[Continued opposite.]



SAFELY HOUSED IN MOLLUSC SHELLS, THREE HERMIT CRABS FIND FOOD IN A COCONUT: FLORIDA HERMIT CRABS LOVE THE FRUIT OF THE COCONUT, AND WILL GORGE UPON IT UNTIL SATIATED.

[Continued.]

home of the hermit crab is the deserted whelk or winkie shell. If, in an emergency, it loses its protective shell, the hermit will take cover in almost anything calculated to afford it the protection it needs. In the above pictures of a hermit crab of the land variety, common on the shores of Florida, its almost desperate bid for the safety of a hard-backed aperture is made manifest. It is seen accepting gratefully the shelter of a small jar, a pipe bowl, even of a ceramic slipper. Amazingly, once having found security, however grotesque and alien, it will then proceed to carry on its normal life of moving about with the new house on its back, with only its hard-shelled parts protruding.



A STRANGE HOME FOR A LOST CRAB: IT HAS CHOSEN A CERAMIC DUTCH SHOE FOR PROTECTION, LEAVING ONLY ITS HARD-SHELLED PARTS EXPOSED.



CURLING INTO THE PALM OF A FRIENDLY HAND: THE MAIN PART OF THE HERMIT CRAB'S BODY IS SOFT, AND UNLESS HE FINDS SHELTER HE IS FAIR GAME FOR THE LARGER PREDATORY FISH.



BACKING INTO A PIPE BOWL IN ITS INSTINCTIVE BID TO PROTECT ITS VULNERABLE BODY: THE HERMIT CRAB CAN ADAPT ITS SOFT-SKINNED REAR TO ALMOST ANY SHAPE, PARTICULARLY TO THE CONVOLUTIONS OF A MOLLUSC SHELL.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TO-DAY there are a great many competent, and quite a few good novelists; but few, to-day or any day, have much to spring on us after the first book. This is no drawback from the reader's point of view. On the contrary: we like to know what will be what, and so the ever-various, truly suspenseful writer generates an uneasy feeling. Tackling his latest work is like picking up an unpredictable kind of firecracker. Or it may be that I am a nervous type—and that Mr. Joyce Cary, whose current firework is "Not Honour More" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), raises no more disquiet in other breasts than they own up to. Others, perhaps, have got him taped: and this time an analogy occurred even to me. Not in the obvious field—but with the Protean, potted novelist of "Men and Women," of Bishop Blougram and Mr. Sludge. Though Mr. Cary sticks to modern times, he has the same uncanny gift for changing his skin (I think the old Norse called it "shape-strength"), and presenting himself as a new creature, in a well-defined social context, and, above all, with a unique mode of experience. Why this should be disturbing in a novelist—which it was not in Browning—would take too long to inquire. But it is something very different from the usual first-person technique. "Shape-strength" is magical—and at its lowest, can produce no less than a *tour de force*.

But though we expect Mr. Cary to be brilliant, "Not Honour More" has an explosive, gunpowder quality that really makes one jump. Owing, in the first place, to the telegraphic idiom and "mad-dog" accent of his new "control." "This is my statement, so help me God, as I hope to be hung"—Only the apocryphal "Hell, said the Duchess" can surpass this opening in its own line—and this has the advantage of plausibility. For it is the voice of "Latter, James Vandeleur"—Captain Jim Latter, who adored and loathed his cousin Nina when they were both children, and has finally murdered her. Perhaps they always knew it must happen—and they certainly invited it, by taking Chester Nimmo under their roof. Nina was married to the fallen demagogue for thirty years; and as Mrs. Latter of Palm Cottage, she has in fact two husbands—though the unofficial one is seventy and on his last legs. But Jim has never seen it like that. Then suddenly, his eyes are opened. And there is worse immediately behind; there is the General Strike. Nimmo, though old, ill and disgraced, had the indestructible vitality of the politician. He was still yearning for a come-back, and grabbed the emergency with both hands, using his ex-wife as an aide. So then she had to die—"because of the rottenness."

All this, with a detailed picture of the strike up to the crucial phase, jerks out at incoherent speed, in semi-telegraphic English crackling with personality. Jim Latter makes a complete spectacle of himself. But though an emotional simpleton and a perverse, predestined blunderer, he is no fool; and his vituperation of the political "gimmies," the new-style power-grabbers and "talky boys" who have been ruining the country for fifty years, has a ferocious luminosity. In short, the whole book is a feat; though, I must add, as usual one recoils from all concerned.

OTHER FICTION.

With "Federigo, or The Power of Love," by Howard Nemerov (Collancz; 12s. 6d.), we can relax, and unstring our emotions; since no one—in defiance of the sub-title—feels very much. This is a comic exercise in subtlety: a web of half-hearted intrigue, very ingenious, brilliantly amusing, with a fantastic streak. It is American, like all ultra-sophisticated, intellectual jokes. And it begins with Julian Ghent, a "happily married man," accusing his wife Sylvia of infidelity in an anonymous letter to himself, signed "Federigo." He has not quite invented the signatory; someone called Federigo, who is Julian's double, seems to be going about. But he has really no suspicion of his wife; he only wants to "give the nature of things a slight push"—and to prepare the ground for his own lapse. His purely abstract lapse—for he has not yet fixed on a partner. Sylvia reads the letter, as was meant; and her first response is "a kind of sinking horror," as though she had received a bill "with the decimal point accidentally moved one place to the right." Her life is pure of blame—but what can "Federigo" be getting at? Perhaps her vague friendship with Marius... innocent, but perhaps unwise?

Julian has definitely started something. He never thought that Sylvia might be unfaithful. Nor had she thought of it herself; at least, not really. Now the whole set-up is in motion; and it concludes with husband and wife lying in the dark, in the equivalent of a moated grange, enjoying what each takes to be sin—just like a couple in Elizabethan drama. The tale is crammed with wit—yet in the end one has a sense of hollowness. What does it prove?

"Love and Money," by Erskine Caldwell (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), proves that a writer is disqualified for living; he tries to catch up between books, and invariably makes a mess of it. Either the bottle gets him—or "the babe saws off the limb." Rick Sutter's weakness is for babes; and his publisher has been in haste to get him "tied down" for another year. That was in Sarasota, Florida. But Rick is no sooner alone than he takes off for New Orleans, and then for Houston, and for Colorado Springs—chasing the flying skirts of a cocktail girl with whom he has fallen in love at sight. And all for no reward, but to discover why she wouldn't have him. In this agreeable but rootless little yarn, perhaps the best thing is the incidental patter: the chat of Harvey Farthing the publisher, Jack Bushmillion, the literary agent, and Morpho Daugh, the real-estate genius of Sarasota.

"Moonraker," by Ian Fleming (Cape; 10s. 6d.), presents James Bond, the streamlined Secret Service hero, in an adventure on the home front. What an adventure, what a hero! Bond is the best shot in the Service—and the best card-sharper, which comes in handy: since here his opening exploit is to out-cheat the villain at bridge, for immense stakes, at the most exclusive of all gaming clubs. Then he goes on to save the country from a fiendish conspiracy, featuring a new atomic rocket. ... There is a brave lovely girl and even a dash of heartbreak. It is impossible not to laugh at this book—and quite impossible not to enjoy it.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN EMPEROR'S FRIEND; PERIOD PIECES; NORTH AFRICA.

"A Woman of Vienna," by Joachim von Kürenberg (Cassell; 21s.), tells the story of Frau Katharina Schratz, for so many years the friend and confidante of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Frau Schratz was a slightly plump, charming but not over-talented actress, who rose by hard work in her profession until she became the star of Vienna's Burgtheater. By a series of accidents she became the close personal friend of the lovely if erratic Empress Elizabeth. The Empress, many years younger than the Emperor, found it totally impossible to adapt herself to the stiff, ossified seventeenth-century Spanish etiquette of the Austro-Hungarian Court. The Emperor, proud, retiring, with a passionate sense of his own dignity and of his duty to his peoples, drifted farther away from the confidence of his beautiful and highly intelligent wife. This intelligence, combined with a remarkable intuition, enabled her to hit upon one of the most extraordinary but most successful solutions to such a problem as has ever been devised. This was gradually to interest the Emperor in her friend, the plump provincial actress. Thus it was that when the tragedy of the Crown Prince Rudolf and Marie Vetsera had played itself out at Mayerling, and the Empress left Austria for the continuous travel which only ended with her assassination, Frau Schratz became the intimate recipient of the Emperor's confidence. In fact, when news of the Empress's death reached Vienna, only Frau Schratz was admitted to his presence. There is something infinitely pathetic in the description of that interview. "His head sank on to the table and a fit of spasmodic sobbing shook his whole body. A groping, wrinkled hand reached across to seek the hand of the woman that Elizabeth had brought to him, a woman who was now the only real friend left to him. ... The Emperor sat up, wiped his tear-dimmed eyes with his pocket handkerchief, and in a low voice said 'Thanks. It was good of you to come. None of the others can know what my grief is. Nothing, nothing, is spared me!'" In those last five words lie the tragedy of the old Austria—for Francis Joseph, who enshrined its greatness and its traditions, had a career as a monarch which covered nothing but personal grief and national defeat until the old man died in the middle of the great war which was to see the break-up of the dual monarchy and the end of stability in Central Europe. The death of the Empress is really the beginning of the story of Katharina Schratz. From then on she played the curious rôle of being at once a somebody of supreme importance in Austro-Hungarian politics, while being at the same time officially non-existent. She had a host of friends, and was the object of the special attentions of the ambassadors of the great foreign Powers. Her influence on the "Old Gentleman," as he became known to his courtiers, seems to have been wholly beneficent. He paid her gambling debts with a grumble, and yet when he died he made no provision for her in his will—pride, presumably, at the last making the greatest Catholic monarch in Europe refuse to acknowledge a situation which had been known to all Europe for decades. Herr von Kürenberg has written an excellent book which Mr. H. T. Russell has as excellently translated.

Many of the horseless carriages referred to in "Veterans of the Road," by Elizabeth Nagle (Arco; 18s.), were in their pristine youth long before Francis Joseph was a gaga old gentleman. This book, which is sponsored by the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain, will prove a special delight to those who indulge in the nostalgic cult of collecting, refurbishing and running these ancient vehicles. It is curious that the noisy contraptions which our fathers and grandfathers regarded with such distaste and distrust as being liable to frighten their horses should now be the object of so much retrospective affection on the part of the younger generation. Perhaps the delightful film "Genevieve" did much to foster the cult, but it certainly exists and is growing fast. Miss Nagle's book, which is filled with technical data, carries this ancient vehicle worship a fine step further.

Other objects for the collector which our parents would have found extraordinary (or at least the prices paid for them) are those charming coloured glass paperweights, mostly Victorian in origin, which could be picked up as late as before the war for a few shillings, but which now can command on occasions hundreds of pounds. Mr. E. M. Elville, in "Paper-Weights: and Other Glass Curiosities" (Country Life; 25s.), traces their history from Egyptian, Roman and Venetian times to the present day. The technique of making glass paperweights is essentially the same as that of making Edinburgh or Brighton rock. Though, as I say, the designs go back to Egyptian times, it was at the end of the fifteenth century when Sabellico, writing of the glass industry of Murano, the little island off Venice which is still famous for its glass, said: "A famous invention first proved that glass might feign the whiteness of crystal, and they began to turn the material into various colours and numberless forms—but consider to whom did it first occur to include in a little ball all the sorts of flowers which clothe the meadows in spring." In actual fact, the greater part of Mr. Elville's book is devoted to its subsidiary title, and the chapters which deal with encrusted ware, with the extraordinary and

charming products of Nailsea and of Bristol, with glass mirrors and drinking-glasses, are quite excellent. They are admirably illustrated, and it is chastening for the collector to be reminded that only a small amount of "Bristol Blue" can actually be attributed to Bristol. One exception, of course, is those delightful decanters which have long, slender necks, pear-shaped bodies and lozenge-shaped stoppers with bevelled edges, and you can only be absolutely sure of the genuineness of a Bristol decanter if it should be (rarely) signed "I. Jacobs, Bristol."

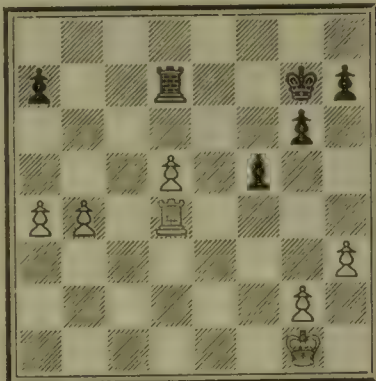
Recently I reviewed an excellent book on South and Central Africa in the "World in Colour" series, edited by Doré Ogrizek. Mr. Ogrizek follows this up with an equally good and colourful description of "North Africa" (McGraw-Hill; 30s.). This deals with an area which has a peculiar attraction for me, extending from the two Moroccos to Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, the Sahara and Egypt. As with his other books, it is admirably illustrated with photographs and charming wash drawings. It also includes one of the best short descriptions of the religion, traditions and customs of Islam I can remember reading. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

MY own most exciting game at Cork was an ending against that famous old veteran O. Bernstein, into which I entered a pawn down:

Wood (Black).



BERNSTEIN (White).

Black's more active king compensates for White's extra pawn and the game should be drawn; it was drawn, though not without some instructive inaccuracies on both sides:

39. R-QB4 K-B3 41. R-R5 K-Q5?
40. R-B5 K-K4

A sealed move. After half-an-hour's cogitation; but the wrong one, as Dr. Bernstein pointed out afterwards. The obvious alternative 41... R-QKt2 would have been answered by 42. P-Kt5 (forced as 42. R-Kt5? R×R; 43. P×R, K×P would lose all White's queen's side pawns and 42. K-B2, R×P; 43. R×P, K×P returns White's extra pawn and makes drawing easy).

Now I saw that 42... K×P would fail against 43. P-Kt6 dis ch, K-B3; 44. P×P, but had not realised how badly immobilised all White's force is; I could calmly continue 42... P-Kt4 followed by... P-R4, ... P-B5, ... P-Kt5, etc., and White is helpless.

42. P-Q6 R×P 43. R×RP K-K6
Seeking salvation in offence. I threaten 44... R-Q8ch; 45. K-R2, K-B7, followed by... R-KKt8, etc.

44. R-K7ch now would be answered by 44... K-B5 threatening... K-Kt6, or if 45. K-R2, then 45... P-R4, threatening... P-Kt4, ... P-Kt5 and... P-Kt6ch. P-Kt3ch would not alleviate the pressure, as Black could answer... K-B6, whilst 46. P-R4, K-Kt5 is no help either.

44. P-Kt5 P-Kt4
44... P-R4 would be more accurate.
45. R×P R-Q8ch 48. R-KB7 P-B5
46. K-R2 R-QR8 49. R-B5 R×P?

47. R-QR7 K-B7
49... R-KKt8 would have drawn, elegantly. It threatens perpetual check by the rook on KKt7 and KKt8; the obvious reply 50. R×KtP would fail to 50... P-B6!

If now 51. P×P??, then 51... R×R.
51. P-R4 is a possible reply, but 51... R×Pch is good enough, as 52. R×Rch, P×R presents Black with a queen next move and 52. K-R1 or K-R3 only defers a similar gift: 52... R×R; 53. P×R, K-K8, followed by... P-B7 and... P-B8 (Q) check.

50. R×KtP R-Kt5 53. R-Kt5 R-Kt6
51. R-B5 K-K6 54. P-R5 R-Kt7
52. P-R4 K-K5 55. K-R3?

Drawn, won, drawn and won again, the game now slips out of Black's fingers. Advancing his RP without fear of 55... P-B6 would have sufficed. Now Black is able to set up useful mating threats (with moves 56 and 59).

55... R-Kt8
56. R-Kt8 K-B4!
57. P-Kt4ch P×Pe.p.
58. R-QKt8 K-B5
59. P-Kt6 R-Kt7
60. R-B8ch K-Kt4

61. R-KKt8ch K×P
62. R-QKt8 P-Kt7
63. K-R2 K-R3
64. P-Kt7 K-R2
Drawn



A Kodachrome photograph

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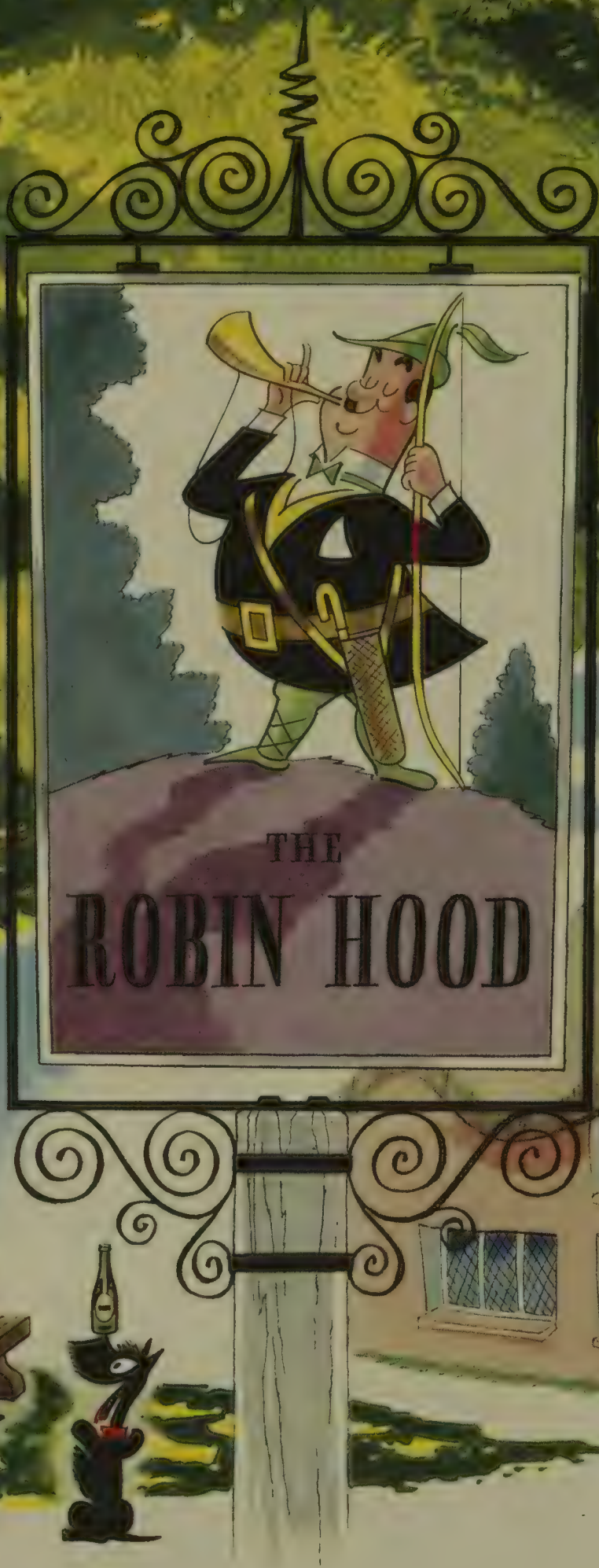


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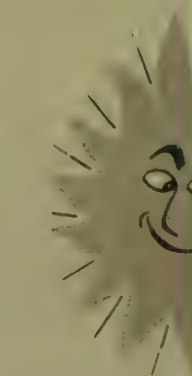


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